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THE  
ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

BOOK I.—THE BETROTHAL.

BOOK II.—THE ESPOUSALS.

BY  
COVENTRY PATMORE.

*Par la grace infinie, Dieu les mist au monde ensemble.*

*Boursier des Dames.*



SECOND EDITION.

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# CONTENTS.

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## BOOK I.

### THE BETROTHAL.

CANTO		PAGE
	THE PROLOGUE . . . . .	3
I.	THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE . . . . .	9
	Preludes :	
	1. Love's Reality . . . . .	9
	2. Love's Immortality . . . . .	11
	3. The Poet's Confidence . . . . .	12
	4. The Poet's Humility . . . . .	13
	5. The Prototype . . . . .	14
	6. The Praise of Love . . . . .	15
	The Cathedral Close . . . . .	16
II.	MARY AND MILDRED . . . . .	23
	Preludes :	
	1. The Paragon . . . . .	23
	2. The Fount of Honour . . . . .	27
	3. Love in Idleness . . . . .	29
	Mary and Mildred . . . . .	30
III.	HONORIA . . . . .	35
	Preludes :	
	1. The Lover . . . . .	35
	2. Beside the Mark . . . . .	38
	3. "For ever" . . . . .	39
	4. The Attainment . . . . .	40
	Honoria . . . . .	41

CANTO	PAGE
IV. THE MORNING CALL . . . . .	47
Preludes :	
1. The Rose of the World . . . . .	47
2. The Tribute . . . . .	50
3. Compensation . . . . .	52
The Morning Call . . . . .	53
V. THE VIOLETS . . . . .	57
Preludes :	
1. The Parallel . . . . .	57
2. Prospective Faith . . . . .	62
3. The Gauge of Evil . . . . .	63
The Violets . . . . .	64
VI. THE DEAN . . . . .	69
Preludes :	
1. Perfect Love rare . . . . .	69
2. Love Justified . . . . .	71
3. Love Serviceable . . . . .	73
4. Love a Virtue . . . . .	74
5. A Riddle Solved . . . . .	75
The Dean . . . . .	76
VII. ÆTNA AND THE MOON . . . . .	81
Preludes :	
1. The Prodigal . . . . .	81
2. Honour and Desert . . . . .	83
3. A Distinction . . . . .	85
Ætna and the Moon . . . . .	86
VIII. SARUM PLAIN . . . . .	93
Preludes :	
1. Life of Life . . . . .	93
2. The Revelation . . . . .	95
3. The Impossibility . . . . .	96
4. Joy's Waywardness . . . . .	97
Sarum Plain . . . . .	98

# CONTENTS.

V

CANTO	PAGE
<b>IX. SAHARA</b> . . . . .	105
Preludes :	
1. The Wife's Tragedy . . . . .	105
2. Common Graces . . . . .	107
3. The Zest of Life . . . . .	109
4. Fool and Wise . . . . .	110
Sahara . . . . .	111
<b>X. GOING TO CHURCH</b> . . . . .	117
Preludes :	
1. The Joyful Wisdom . . . . .	117
2. Truth and Love . . . . .	121
3. The Devices . . . . .	122
Going to Church . . . . .	123
<b>XI. ICARUS</b> . . . . .	131
Preludes :	
1. The Daughter of Eve . . . . .	131
2. The Reticence . . . . .	134
3. The First Moralists . . . . .	135
Icarus . . . . .	136
<b>XII. THE ABDICATION.</b> . . . .	143
Preludes :	
1. The Chace . . . . .	143
2. Denied . . . . .	148
3. Advice to a Maid . . . . .	150
The Abdication . . . . .	151
<b>THE EPILOGUE</b> . . . . .	157

## BOOK II.

## THE ESPOUSALS.

CANTO		PAGE
	PROLOGUE . . . . .	163
I.	BEULAH . . . . .	169
	Preludes :	
	1. The Song of Songs . . . . .	169
	2. The Kites . . . . .	171
	3. Orpheus . . . . .	172
	4. Nearest the Dearest . . . . .	173
	5. Star and Planet . . . . .	174
	Beulah . . . . .	175
II.	THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE . . . . .	179
	Preludes :	
	1. The Surrender . . . . .	179
	2. Beauty . . . . .	185
	3. Lais and Lucretia . . . . .	186
	Aunt Maude . . . . .	187
III.	THE COUNTY BALL . . . . .	193
	Preludes :	
	1. Love Ceremonious . . . . .	193
	2. The Rainbow . . . . .	195
	3. A Paradox . . . . .	196
	The County Ball . . . . .	197
IV.	THE REGATTA . . . . .	203
	Preludes :	
	1. The Nurseling of Civility . . . . .	203
	2. Love and Honour . . . . .	205
	3. Valour Misdirected . . . . .	206
	The Regatta . . . . .	207

# CONTENTS.

vii

CANTO	PAGE
V. THE QUEEN'S ROOM . . . . .	213
Preludes :	
1. Rejected . . . . .	213
2. Rachel . . . . .	215
3. Love in Tears . . . . .	216
The Queen's Room . . . . .	217
VI. THE LOVE-LETTERS . . . . .	223
Preludes :	
1. Love's Perversity . . . . .	223
2. A Word to the Wise . . . . .	227
The Love-Letters . . . . .	228
VII. THE REVULSION . . . . .	233
Preludes :	
1. The Pearl . . . . .	233
2. Joy and Use . . . . .	235
3. Heaven and Earth . . . . .	236
4. Rods and Kisses . . . . .	237
The Revulsion . . . . .	238
VIII. THE KOH-I-NOHR . . . . .	245
Preludes :	
1. The Mistress . . . . .	245
2. Love Thinking . . . . .	249
3. The Kiss . . . . .	251
The Koh-i-Nohr . . . . .	252
IX. THE FRIENDS . . . . .	257
Preludes :	
1. The Gracious Chivalry . . . . .	257
2. The Haven . . . . .	259
3. Love Liberal . . . . .	261
4. Disappointment . . . . .	262
The Friends . . . . .	263



CANTO	PAGE
X. THE EPITAPH . . . . .	269
Preludes :	
1. Frost in Harvest . . . . .	269
2. A Demonstration . . . . .	271
3. Felicity . . . . .	273
4. The Churl . . . . .	274
The Epitaph . . . . .	275
XI. THE WEDDING . . . . .	281
Preludes :	
1. Platonic Love . . . . .	281
2. The Symbol . . . . .	283
3. Love of Loves . . . . .	284
4. Constancy Rewarded . . . . .	285
The Wedding . . . . .	286
XII. HUSBAND AND WIFE . . . . .	291
Preludes :	
1. The Married Lover . . . . .	291
2. The Amaranth . . . . .	293
3. The Neglected Glove . . . . .	294
Husband and Wife . . . . .	295
EPILOGUE . . . . .	299

BOOK I.

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The Betrothal.



## THE PROLOGUE.

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### I.

"MINE is no horse with wings, to gain  
"The region of the spheral chime ;  
"He does but drag a rumbling wain,  
"Cheer'd by the silver bells of rhyme ;  
"And if at Fame's bewitching note  
"My homely Pegasus pricks an ear,  
"The world's cart-collar hugs his throat,  
"And he's too wise to kick or rear."

### 2.

Thus ever answer'd Vaughan his wife,  
Who, more than he, desired his fame ;  
But, in his heart, his thoughts were rife  
How for her sake to earn a name,

With College laurels three times crown'd,  
And other annual honours won,  
He, if he chose, might be renown'd,  
He had but little doubt, she none ;  
And, in a loftier phrase, he talk'd  
With her upon their Wedding-Day  
(The eighth), while through the fields they walk'  
Their children shouting by the way.

## 3.

"Not careless of the gift of song,  
"Nor out of love with noble fame,  
"I, meditating much and long  
"What I should sing, how win a name,  
"Considering well what theme unsung,  
"What reason worth the cost of rhyme,  
"Remains to loose the poet's tongue  
"In these last days, the dregs of time,  
"Learn that to me, though born so late,  
"There does, beyond desert, befall

“ (May my great fortune make me great !)  
“ The first of themes sung last of all.  
“ In green and undiscover'd ground,  
“ Yet near where many others sing,  
“ I have the very well-head found  
“ Whence gushes the Pierian Spring.”

## 4.

Then she : “ What is it, Dear ? The Life  
“ Of Arthur, or Jerusalem's Fall ?”  
“ Neither : your gentle self, my wife,  
“ And love, that grows from one to all.  
“ And if I faithfully proclaim  
“ Of these the exceeding worthiness,  
“ Surely the sweetest wreath of Fame  
“ Shall, to your hope, my brows caress ;  
“ And if, by virtue of my choice  
“ Of this, the most heart-touching theme  
“ That ever tuned a poet's voice,  
“ I live, as now I dare to dream,

- “ To be delight to future days,  
“ And into silence only cease  
“ With those who loved and shared their bays  
“ With Laura and with Beatrice,  
“ Imagine, Dear, how learned men  
“ Will deep-conceived devices find,  
“ Beyond my purpose and my ken,  
“ An ancient bard of simple mind !  
“ You, Sweet, his Mistress, Wife, and Muse,  
“ Were you for mortal woman meant ?  
“ Your praises give a hundred clues  
“ To mythological intent !  
“ And, severing thus the truth from trope,  
“ In you the Commentators see,  
“ Some Faith, some Charity, some Hope,  
“ Some, wiser, think you all the three.  
“ I press your arm ! These are the meads  
“ In which we pass our living days ;  
“ There Avon runs, now hid with reeds,  
“ Now brightly brimming pebbly bays ;

“ Those are our children’s songs that come  
    “ With bells and bleatings of the sheep ;  
“ And there, in yonder English home,  
    “ We thrive on mortal food and sleep.”  
She laugh’d. How proud she always was  
    To see how proud he was of her !  
But he had grown distraught, because  
    The Muse’s mood began to stir.

## 5.

His purpose with performance crown’d,  
    He, to his well-pleased wife, rehears’d,  
When next their Wedding-Day came round,  
    His leisure’s labour, “ Book the First.”



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## CANTO I.

*The Cathedral Close.*

## PRELUDES.

## I.

Love's Reality.

I WALK, I trust, with open eyes ;  
     I've travell'd half my worldly course ;  
 And in the way behind me lies  
     Much vanity and some remorse ;  
 I've lived to feel how pride may part  
     Spirits tho' match'd like hand and glove ;  
 I've blush'd for love's abode, the heart ;  
     But have not disbelieved in love ;  
 Nor unto love, sole mortal thing  
     Of worth immortal, done the wrong

To count it, with the rest that sing,  
Unworthy of a serious song ;  
And love is my reward ; for now,  
When most of dead'ning time complain,  
The myrtle blooms upon my brow,  
Its odour quickens all my brain.



## II.


Love's Immortality.

How vilely 'twere to misdeserve  
The poet's gift of perfect speech,  
In song to try, with trembling nerve,  
The limit of its utmost reach,  
Only to sound the wretched praise  
Of what to-morrow shall not be,  
So mocking with immortal bays  
The cross-bones of mortality !  
I do not thus. My faith is fast  
That all the loveliness I sing  
Is made to bear the mortal blast,  
And blossom in a better Spring.  
My creed declares the ceaseless pact  
Of body and spirit, soul and sense ;  
Nor can my faith accept the fact,  
And disavow the consequence.

## III.

The Poet's Confidence.

THE richest realm of all the Earth  
Is counted still a heathen land :  
Lo, I, like Joshua, now go forth  
To give it into Israel's hand.  
I've girt myself with thought and prayer,  
And am endow'd with strength, like him,  
Beyond my own, and will not fear  
The false and foolish Anakim ;  
Nor will I hearken blame or praise ;  
For so should I dishonour do  
To that sweet Power by which these Lays  
Alone are lovely, good and true ;  
Nor credence to the world's cries give,  
Which ever preach and still prevent  
Pure passion's high prerogative  
To make not follow precedent.



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## IV.

The Poet's Humility.

FROM love's abysmal ether rare  
If I to sight have disembogued  
New truths, they, like new stars, were there  
Before, but not yet catalogued.  
Nor verse, nor art, nor plot, nor plan,  
Nor aught of mine here's worth a toy :  
Quit praise and blame, and, if you can,  
Do, brother, for the nonce, enjoy.  
Moving but as the feelings move,  
I run, or loiter with delight,  
Or stop to mark where gentle Love  
Persuades the soul from height to height.  
Yet, know, that, though my words are gay  
As David's dance, which Michal scorn'd,  
If rightly you peruse the Lay,  
You shall be sweetly help'd and warn'd.

## V.

The Prototype.

Lo, there, whence love, life, light are pour'd,  
    Veil'd with impenetrable rays,  
Amidst the presence of the Lord  
    Co-equal Wisdom laughs and plays.  
Female and male God made the man ;  
    His image is the whole, not half ;  
And in our love we dimly scan  
    The love which is between Himself..

VI.

The Praise of Love.

SPIRIT of Knowledge, grant me this :

A simple heart and subtle wit

To praise the thing whose praise it is,

That all which can be praised is it.




## THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE.

## I.

ONCE more I came to Sarum Close,  
With joy half memory, half desire,  
And breathed the sunny wind that rose  
And blew the shadows o'er the Spire,  
And toss'd the lilac's scented plumes,  
And sway'd the chestnut's thousand cones,  
And fill'd my nostrils with perfumes,  
And shaped the clouds in waifs and zones,  
And wafted down the serious strain  
Of Sarum bells, when, true to time,  
I reach'd the Dean's, with heart and brain  
That trembled to the trembling chime.

## 2.

'Twas half my home six years ago.  
The six years had not alter'd it:



---

---

Red-brick and ashlar, long and low,

With dormers and with oriels lit.

Geranium, lychnis, rose array'd

The windows, all wide open thrown ;

And some one in the Study play'd

The Wedding-March of Mendelssohn.

And there it was I last took leave :

'Twas Christmas : I remember'd now

The cruel girls, who feign'd to grieve,

Took all the Christmas down ; and how

The laurel into blazes woke .

The fire, lighting the large, low room,

A dim, rich lustre of old oak

And crimson velvet's glowing gloom.

3.

No change had touch'd Dean Churchill : kind,

By widowhood more than winters bent,

And settled in a cheerful mind,

As still forecasting heaven's content.

Well might his thoughts be fix'd on high,

Now she was there ! Within her face

Humility and dignity

Were met in a most sweet embrace.

She seem'd expressly sent below

To teach our erring minds to see

The rhythmic change of time's swift flow

As part of calm eternity.

Her life, all honour, observed, with awe

Which cross experience could not mar,

The fiction of the Christian Law

That all men honourable are ;

And so her smile at once conferr'd

High flattery and benign reproof ;

And I, a rude boy, strangely stirr'd,

Grew courtly in my own behoof.

The years, so far from doing her wrong,

Anointed her with gracious balm,

And made her brows more and more young

With wreaths of amaranth and palm.


## 4.

Was this her eldest, Honor ; prude,  
Who would not let me pull the swing ;  
Who, kiss'd at Christmas, call'd me rude,  
And sobb'd alone, and would not sing ?  
How changed ! In shape no tall, slim Grace,  
But Venus ; milder than the dove ;  
Her mother's air ; her Norman face ;  
Her large sweet eyes, clear lakes of love.  
Mary I knew. In former time  
Ailing and pale, she thought that bliss  
Was only for a better clime,  
And, heavenly overmuch, scorn'd this.  
I, rash with theories of the right,  
Which stretch'd the tether of my Creed,  
But did not break it, held delight  
Half discipline. We disagreed.  
She told the Dean I wanted grace.  
Now she was kindest of the three,  
And two wild roses deck'd her face.  
And, what, was this my Mildred, she

To herself and all a sweet surprise ?  
My Pet, who romp'd and roll'd a heap ?  
I wonder'd where those daisy eyes  
Had found their touching curve and droop.

## 5.

Unmannerly times ! But now we sat  
Stranger than strangers ; till I caught  
And answer'd Mildred's smile ; and that  
Spread to the rest, and freedom brought.  
The Dean talk'd little, looking on,  
Of three such daughters justly vain.  
What letters they had had from Bonn !  
Said Mildred ; and I told again  
How the Bonn boys besieged the house,  
In fury metaphysical,  
Because I'd proved their Doctor Strauss  
A myth, and not a man at all.  
By Honor I was kindly task'd  
To explain my never coming down,



From Cambridge ; Mary smiled and ask'd

Were Kant and Goethe yet outgrown ?

And, pleased, we talk'd the old days o'er ;

And, parting, I for pleasure sigh'd.

To be there as a friend, (since more !)

Seem'd then, seems still, excuse for pride ;

For something that abode endued

With temple-like repose, an air

Of life's kind purposes pursued

With order'd freedom sweet and fair.

A tent pitch'd in a world not right

It seem'd, whose inmates, every one,

On tranquil faces bore the light

Of duties beautifully done,

And humbly, though they had few peers,

Kept their own laws, which seem'd to be

The fair sum of six thousand years'

Traditions of civility.



## CANTO II.

Mary and Mildred.

## PRELUDES.


## I.

The Paragon.

WHEN I behold the skies aloft,  
     Passing the pageantry of dreams ;  
 The cloud, whose bosom, cygnet-soft,  
     A couch for nuptial Juno seems ;  
 The ocean broad ; the mountains bright ;  
     The shadowy vales with feeding herds ;  
 I from my lyre the music smite,  
     Nor want for justly matching words.  
 All powers of the sea and air ;  
     All interests of hill and plain,



I so can sing, in seasons fair,  
That who hath felt may feel again ;  
Nay more, the gracious Muses bless  
At times my tongue until I can,  
With moving emphasis, express  
The likeness of the perfect man.  
Elated oft by such free songs,  
I think with utterance free to raise  
That hymn for which the whole world longs,  
A worthy hymn in woman's praise ;  
A hymn bright-noted like a bird's,  
Arousing these song-sleepy times  
With rhapsodies of perfect words,  
Ruled by returning kiss of rhymes.  
But when I look on her and hope  
To tell with joy what I admire,  
My thoughts lie cramp'd in narrow scope,  
Or in the feeble birth expire ;  
No skill'd complexity of speech,  
No heart-felt phrase of tenderest fall,  
No liken'd excellence can reach  
Her, the most excellent of all,



The best half of creation's best,  
    Its heart to feel, its eye to see,  
The crown and complex of the rest,  
    Its aim and its epitome.  
Nay, might I utter my conceit,  
    'Twere after all a vulgar song,  
For she's so simply, subtly sweet,  
    My deepest rapture does her wrong.  
Yet is it now my chosen task  
    To sing her worth as Maid and Wife ;  
Nor happier post than this I ask,  
    To live her laureate all my life.  
On wings of love uplifted free,  
    And by her gentleness made great,  
I'll teach how noble man should be  
    To match with such a lovely mate ;  
And then in her will move the more  
    The woman's wish to be desired,  
(By praise increased,) till both shall soar,  
    With blissful emulations fired.  
And, as geranium, pink, or rose  
    Is thrice itself through power of art,

So may my happy skill disclose  
    New fairness even in her fair heart ;  
Until that churl shall nowhere be  
    Who bends not, awed, before the throne  
Of her affecting majesty,  
    So meek, so much unlike our own ;  
Until (for who may hope too much  
    From her who wields the powers of love ?)  
Our lifted lives at last shall touch  
    That happy goal to which they move ;  
Until we find, as darkness rolls  
    Far off, and evil mists dissolve,  
That nuptial contrasts are the poles  
    On which the heavenly spheres revolve.

## II.

The Fount of Honour.

ME to my happy hymns of praise  
Not only woman's graces stir ;  
Myself I never seem to raise  
So much as when I honour her ;  
For while my songs so various run,  
There lives before my constant mind  
An image, time-endear'd, of one  
Who is to me all womankind :  
Honoriam calls her : she confers  
Bright honour when she breathes my name ;  
Birth's blazon'd patents, shown with her's,  
Are falsified and put to shame ;  
The fount of honour is her smile ;  
(I speak but as I feel and think,)  
Yet pride consumes me not the while  
I thence, with thirst unsated, drink ;

For as a queen, who may not find  
Her peer in all the common Earth,  
Submits her meek and royal mind,  
Espousing one of subject birth,  
All barter of like gain above,  
She raised me to her noble place,  
And made my lordship of her love  
The humbling gift of her free grace.

III.

Love in Idleness.

I WORSHIPP'D Kate with all my will.

In idle moods you seem to see .

A noble spirit in a hill,

A human touch about a tree.

Jane lived so truly from above,

And look'd so radiantly good,


That duty bade me fall in love,

And "but for that," thought I, "I should!"

## MARY AND MILDRED.

## I.

ONE morning, after Church, I walk'd  
Alone with Mary on the Lawn,  
And felt myself, howe'er we talk'd,  
To grave themes delicately drawn.  
When she, delighted, found I knew  
More of her peace than she supposed,  
Our confidences heavenwards grew,  
Like fox-glove buds, in pairs disclosed.  
Our former faults did we confess ;  
Our ancient feud was more than heal'd ;  
And, with the woman's eagerness  
For amity full-sign'd and seal'd,  
She, offering up for sacrifice  
Her heart's reserve, brought out to show  
Some verses, made when she was ice  
To all but Heaven, six years ago :



Since happier grown. I took and read  
The neat-writ lines. She, void of guile,  
Too late repenting, blush'd, and said,  
I must not think about the style.

## 2.

" Day after day, until to-day,  
" Imaged its fellows gone before,  
" The same dull task, the weary way,  
" The weakness pardon'd o'er and o'er,  
  
" The thwarted thirst, too faintly felt,  
" For joy's well-nigh forgotten life,  
" The restless heart, which, when I knelt,  
" Made of my worship barren strife.  
  
" Ah, whence to-day's so sweet release ;  
" This clearance light of all my care,  
" This conscience free, this fertile peace,  
" These softly folded wings of prayer ;



- " This calm and more than conquering love,  
    " With which the Tempter dares not cope ;  
" This joy that lifts no glance above,  
    " For faith too sure, too sweet for hope ?
- " O, happy time, too happy change,  
    " It will not live, though fondly nurst !  
" Full soon this Day will seem as strange  
    " As now the Night which seems dispersed
- " But, whilst with heaven my heart is warm,  
    " Some heavenly promise let me make.  
" Strong are those vows and well perform'd  
    " Which at such times we undertake."

## 3.

She from a rose-tree shook the blight ;  
    And well she knew that I knew well  
Her grace with silence to requite ;  
    And, answering now the luncheon-bell,

We laugh'd at Mildred's laugh, which made  
All melancholy wrong, its mood  
Such sweet self-confidence display'd,  
So glad a sense of present good.

## 4.

We who are married, let us own  
A bachelor's chief thought in life  
Is, or the fool's not worth a groan,  
To win a woman for his wife.  
I kept the custom. I confess  
I never went to Ball or Fête  
Or Show, but in pursuit express  
Of my predestinated mate ;  
And thus to me, who had in sight  
The happy chance upon the cards,  
Each beauty blossom'd in the light  
Of tender personal regards ;  
And, in the records of my breast,  
Red-letter'd, eminently fair,

Stood sixteen, who, beyond the rest,  
By turns till then had been my care :  
At Berlin three, one at St. Cloud,  
At Chatteris, near Cambridge, one,  
At Ely four, in London two,  
Two at Bowness, in Paris none,  
And, last and best, in Sarum three ;  
But dearest of the whole fair troop,  
In judgment of the moment, she  
Whose daisy eyes had learn'd to droop.  
Her very faults my fancy fired ;  
My loving will, so thwarted, grew ;  
And, bent on worship, I admired  
Whate'er she was, with partial view.  
And yet when, as to-day, her smile  
Was prettiest, I could not but note  
Honoriam, less admired the while,  
But lovelier, though from love remote.

## CANTO III.

Honoraria.


## PRELUDES.

## I.

The Lover.

HE meets, by heavenly chance express,  
     The destined maid; some hidden hand  
 Unveils to him that loveliness  
     Which others cannot understand.  
 No songs of love, no summer dreams  
     Did e'er his longing fancy fire  
 With vision like to this! she seems  
     In all things better than desire.  
 His merits in her presence grow,  
     To match the promise in her eyes,

And round her happy footsteps blow  
The authentic airs of Paradise.  
For love of her he cannot sleep ;  
Her beauty haunts him all the night ;  
It melts his heart, it makes him weep  
For wonder, worship, and delight,  
O, paradox of love ! he longs,  
Most humble when he most aspires,  
To suffer scorn and cruel wrongs  
From her he honours and desires.  
Her graces make him rich, and ask  
No guerdon ; this imperial style  
Affronts him ; he disdains to bask,  
The pensioner of her priceless smile.  
He prays for some hard thing to do,  
Some work of fame and labour immense,  
To stretch the languid bulk and thew  
Of love's fresh-born magnipotence.  
No smallest boon were bought too dear,  
Though barter'd for his love-sick life ;



Yet trusts he, with undaunted cheer,  
To vanquish heaven and call her wife.  
He notes how queens of sweetness still  
Neglect their crowns and stoop to mate ;  
How, self-consign'd with lavish will,  
They ask but love proportionate ;  
How swift pursuit by small degrees,  
Love's tactic, works like miracle ;  
How valour, clothed in courtesies,  
Brings down the haughtiest citadel ;  
And therefore, though he merits not  
To kiss the braid upon her skirt,  
His hope, discourag<sup>e</sup>d ne'er a jot,  
Out-soars all possible desert ;  
Resistance only makes him gay ;  
The fiercer fight the fairer she ;  
In vain her distance says him nay ;  
Hope, desperate grown, feigns certainty.

## II.

Beside the Mark.

"IN love keep bounds!"—"Good Preacher, be

"To eagles ; as for me, a chough,

"Alas, I cannot love at all

"Where all my love is half enough."—

"Her beauty is but painted flesh ;

"Read here ; immortal beauty drink!"—

"For that my tears flow still afresh :

"But what's this? Rags and Printers' ink!"—

"Fix eyes on Heaven!"—"My feeble sight

"Adores the Sun's reflected power,

"And loves acceptably the Light

"Loving its colours in the flower."

## III.

"For ever."

DOUBTS of eternity ne'er cross

The Lover's faith, divinely clear ;

*For ever* is the gain or loss

Which maddens him with hope or fear.

So trifles serve for his relief,

And trifles make him sick and pale,

And yet his pleasure and his grief

Are both on a majestic scale.

The chance, indefinitely small,

Of issue infinitely great,

Eclipses finite interests all,

And has the dignity of fate.



## IV.

The Attainment.

You love? That's high as you shall go;  
For 'tis as true as Gospel text,  
Not noble then is never so,  
Either in this world or the next.

## HONORIA.

## 1.

GROWN weary with a week's exile  
 From those fair friends, I rode to see  
 The church-restorings ; lounged awhile,  
 And met the Dean ; was ask'd to tea,  
 And found their cousin, Frederick Graham,  
 At Honor's side. Was I concern'd,  
 If, when she sang, his colour came,  
 That mine, as with a buffet, burn'd?  
 A man to please a girl ! thought I,  
 Retorting his forced smiles, the shrouds  
 Of anger, hid while she was by,  
 Sweet moon between her lighted clouds !

## 2.

Whether this Cousin was the cause  
 I know not, but I seem'd to see;

The first time then, how fair she was,

How much the fairest of the three.

Each stopp'd to let the other go ;

But he, as time-bound, rose the first.

Stay'd he in Sarum long ? If so

I hoped to see him at the Hurst.

No : he had call'd here, on his way

To Portsmouth, where the Arrogant,

His ship, was ; and should leave next day,

For two years' cruise in the Levant.

## 3.

I watch'd her face, suspecting germs

Of love. Her farewell show'd me plain

She loved, on the majestic terms

That she should not be loved again.

And so her cousin, parting, felt.

Hope in his voice and eye was dead.

Compassion did my malice melt.

Then went I home to a restless bed.

I, who admired her too, could see  
His infinite remorse at this  
Great mystery, that she should be  
So beautiful, yet not be his,  
And, pitying, long'd to plead his part ;  
But scarce could tell, so strange my whim,  
Whether the weight upon my heart  
Was sorrow for myself or him.

## 4.

She was all mildness ; yet 'twas writ  
Upon her beauty legibly,  
“ He that's for heaven itself unfit,  
“ Let him not hope to merit me.”  
And such a challenge, quite apart  
From thoughts of love, humbled, and thus  
To sweet repentance moved my heart,  
And made me more magnanimous,  
And led me to review my life,  
Inquiring where in aught the least,

If question were of her for wife,  
    Ill might be mended, hope increased.  
Not that I soar'd so far above  
    Myself, as this great hope to dare ;  
And yet I well foresaw that love  
    Might hope where reason must despair ;  
And, half-resenting the sweet pride  
    Which would not ask me to admire,  
"Oh," to my secret heart I sigh'd,  
    "That I were worthy to desire !"

## 5.

As drowsiness my brain relieved,  
    A shrill defiance of all to arms,  
Shriek'd by the stable-cock, received  
    An angry answer from three farms.  
And, first, I dreamt that I, her knight,  
    A clarion's haughty pathos heard,  
And rode securely to the fight,  
    Cased in the scarf she had conferr'd ;

And there, the bristling lists behind,  
Saw many, and vanquish'd all I saw  
Of her unnumber'd cousin-kind,  
In Navy, Army, Church, and Law ;  
Smitten, the warriors somehow turn'd  
To Sarum choristers, whose song,  
Mixed with celestial sorrow, yearn'd  
With joy no memory can prolong ;  
And phantasms as absurd and sweet  
Merged each in each, in endless chace,  
And everywhere I seem'd to meet  
The haunting fairness of her face.



## CANTO IV.

*The Morning Call.*

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PRELUDES.

## I.

The Rose of the World.

Lo, when the Lord made North and South  
And sun and moon ordained, He,  
Forthbringing each by word of mouth  
In order of its dignity,  
Did man from the crude clay express  
By sequence, and, all else decreed,  
He form'd the woman; nor might less  
Than Sabbath such a work succeed.  
And still with favour singled out,  
Marr'd less than man by mortal Fall,



Her disposition is devout,  
Her countenance angelical ;  
The best things that the best believe  
Are in her face so brightly writ  
The faithless, seeing her, conceive,  
Not only heaven, but hope of it.  
No idle thought her instinct shrouds,  
But fancy chequers settled sense,  
Like alteration of the clouds  
On noonday's azure permanence ;  
Pure dignity, composure, ease,  
Declare affections nobly fix'd,  
And impulse sprung from due degrees  
Of sense and spirit sweetly mix'd ;  
Her modesty, her chiefest grace,  
The cestus clasping Venus' side,  
Is potent to deject the face  
Of him who would affront its pride ;  
Wrong dares not in her presence speak,  
Nor spotted thought its taint disclose  
Under the protest of a cheek  
Outbragging Nature's boast the rose.

In mind and manners how discreet !  
    How artless in her very art ;  
How candid in discourse ; how sweet  
    The concord of her lips and heart ;  
How simple and how circumspect ;  
    How subtle and how fancy-free ;  
Though sacred to her love, how deck'd  
    With unexclusive courtesy ;  
How quick in talk to see from far  
    The way to vanquish or evade ;  
How able her persuasions are  
    To prove, her reasons to persuade ;  
How, (not to call true instinct's bent  
    And woman's very nature, harm,)  
How amiable and innocent  
    Her pleasure in her power to charm ;  
How humbly careful to attract,  
    Though crown'd with all the soul desires,  
Connubial aptitude exact,  
    Diversity that never tires.

## II.

## The Tribute.

How gloriously the woman goes ;  
In penitential hues not clad,  
But, chief herself of nature's shows,  
All others help her, and are glad !  
No splendour 'neath the sky's proud dome  
But serves for her familiar wear ;  
The far-fetch'd diamond finds its home  
Flashing and smouldering in her hair ;  
For her the seas their pearls reveal ;  
Art and strange lands her pomp supply  
With purple, chrome, and cochineal,  
Ochre, and lapis lazuli ;  
The worm its golden woof presents ;  
Whatever runs, flies, dives, or delves,  
All doff for her their ornaments,  
Which suit her better than themselves ;

And all, by this their power to give,  
Proving her right to take, proclaim  
Her beauty's clear prerogative  
To profit so by Eden's blame.

## III.

Compensation.

THAT nothing here may want its praise,  
Know, she who in her dress reveals  
A fine and modest taste, displays  
More loveliness than she conceals.

## THE MORNING CALL.

## I.

"By meekness charm'd, or proud to allow  
"A queenly claim to live admired,  
"Full many a lady has ere now  
"My apprehensive fancy fired,  
"And woven many a transient chain;  
"But never lady like to this,  
"Who holds me as the weather-vane  
"Is held by yonder clematis.  
"She seems the life of nature's powers;  
"Her beauty is the genial thought  
"Which makes the sunshine bright; the flowers,  
"But for their hint of her, were nought."


## 2.

A voice, the sweeter for the grace  
Of suddenness, while thus I dream'd,

"Good morning!" said or sang. Her face  
The mirror of the morning seem'd.  
Her sisters in the garden walk'd,  
And would I come? Across the Hall  
She took me; and we laugh'd and talk'd  
About the Flower-show, and the Ball.  
Their pinks had won a spade for prize;  
"But this," said Mildred, "was withdrawn  
"For 'Jones on Wiltshire Butterflies.'  
"Allusive!" So we paced the lawn, .  
Close-cut, and, with geranium-plots,  
A rival glow of green and red;  
Then counted sixty apricots.  
On one small tree; the gold-fish fed;  
And watch'd where, black with scarlet rings,  
Proud Psyche stood and flash'd like flame,  
Showing and shutting splendid wings;  
And in the Prize we found its name.

## 3.

The sweet hour lapsed and left my breast  
A load of joy and tender care;



And this delight, which life oppress'd,  
To fix'd aims grew, that ask'd for pray'r.  
I rode home slowly ; whip-in-hand  
And soil'd bank-notes all ready, stood  
The Farmer who farm'd all my land,  
Except the little Park and Wood.  
And, with the accustomed compliment  
Of talk, and beef, and frothing beer,  
I, my own steward, took my rent,  
Three hundred pounds for half the year.  
Our witnesses the Maid and Groom,  
We sign'd the lease for seven years more,  
And bade Good-day. Then to my room  
I went, and closed and lock'd the door,  
And cast myself down on my bed,  
And there, with many a blissful tear,  
I vow'd to love and pray'd to wed  
The maiden who had grown so dear ;  
Thank'd God who had set her in my path ;  
And promised, as I hoped to win,  
I never would sully my faith  
By the least selfishness or sin ;



Whatever in her sight I'd seem  
I'd really be ; I'd never blend  
With my delight in her a dream  
'Twould change her cheek to comprehend  
And, if she wish'd it, I'd prefer  
Another's to my own success ;  
And always seek the best for her,  
With unofficial tenderness.

## 4.

Rising, I breathed a brighter clime,  
And found myself all self above,  
And, with a charity sublime,  
Contemn'd not those who did not love ;  
And I could not but feel that then  
I shone with something of her grace,  
And went forth to my fellow men  
My commendation in my face.

## CANTO V.

## The Violets.

## PRELUDES.

## I.

The Parallels.

I KNOW not how to her it seems,  
 Or how to a perfect judging eye,  
 But, as my loving thought esteems,  
 Man misdeserves his sweet ally.  
 Where she succeeds with cloudless brow,  
 In common and in holy course,  
 He fails, in spite of prayer and vow  
 And agonies of faith and force ;  
 Or, if his suit with Heaven prevails  
 To righteous life, his virtuous deeds

Lack beauty, virtue's badge ; she fails

More graciously than he succeeds.

Her spirit, compact of gentleness,

If Heaven postpones or grants her prayer,

Conceives no pride in its success,

And in its failure no despair ;

But his, enamour'd of its hurt,

Baffled, blasphemes, or, not denied,

Crows from the dunghill of desert,

And wags its ugly wings for pride.

He's never young nor ripe ; she grows

More infantine, auroral, mild,

And still the more she lives and knows

The lovelier she's express'd a child.

Say that she wants the will of man

To conquer fame, not check'd by cross,

Nor moved when others bless or ban ;

She wants but what to have were loss.

Or say she holds no seals of power,

But humbly lives her life at school ;

Alas, we have yet to hail the hour  
When God shall clothe the best with rule.  
Or say she wants the patient brain  
To track shy truth ; her facile wit  
At that which he hunts down with pain  
Flies straight, and does exactly hit.  
Were she but half of what she is,  
He twice himself, mere love alone,  
Her special crown, as truth is his,  
Gives title to the loftier throne ;  
For love is substance, truth the form ;  
Truth without love were less than nought ;  
But blindest love is sweet and warm,  
And full of truth not shaped by thought ;  
And therefore in herself she stands  
Adorn'd with undeficient grace,  
Her happy virtues taking hands,  
Each smiling in another's face ;  
So, dancing round the Tree of Life,  
They make an Eden in her breast,

While his, disjointed and at strife,  
Proud-thoughted, do not bring him rest,  
But ever groan and gasp for dearth  
Of that in her with which they agree,  
Like rude base notes, of little worth  
Till married to their melody.  
Her privilege, not impotence,  
Exempts her from the work of man :  
Humbling his proper excellence,  
Jean d'Arc led war's obstreperous van.  
No post of policy or pride  
Does Heaven from her holding grudge :  
Miriam and Anna prophesied,  
In Israel Deborah was judge ;  
Countless the Christian heroines  
Who've blest the world, and still do bless ;  
The praise their equal courage wins  
Is tenfold through their tenderness ;  
And, ah, sad times gone by, denied  
The joyfullest omen ever seen,

The full-grown Lion's power and pride  
    Curb'd by the soft hands of a Queen !  
Yet, lest my tender-thoughted strain  
    Should seem to doubt the right decree  
Of Him who made the human twain  
    Conjoin'd in this disparity,  
My Song declares what heavenly art  
    Completes her wealth with his defect,  
And, in love's high exacting mart,  
    Pays poor desert with rich respect ;  
And makes this much unequal pair  
    Well-match'd in all that love requires,  
If she's incomparably fair,  
    And he but worthily admires.

## II.

Prospective Faith.

HE safely walks in darkest ways  
Whose youth is lighted from above,  
Where, through the senses' silvery haze,  
Dawns the veil'd moon of nuptial love.  
Who is the happy husband? He  
Who, scanning his unwedded life,  
Thanks Heaven, with a conscience free,  
'Twas faithful to his future wife.

III.

The Gauge of Evil.

THE wrong is made and measured by

The right's inverted dignity :

Adulterous heart, as love is high,

So low in hell thy bed shall be !




## THE VIOLETS.

## I.

I WENT not to the Dean's unbid,  
For I'd not have my mystery,  
From her so delicately hid,  
Discuss'd by gossips at their tea.  
A long, long week, and not once there,  
Had made my spirit sick and faint,  
And lack-love, foul as love is fair,  
Perverted all things to complaint.  
How vain the world had grown to be !  
How mean all people and their ways,  
How ignorant their sympathy,  
And how impertinent their praise ;  
What they for virtuousness esteem'd,  
How far removed from heavenly right ;

What pettiness their trouble seem'd,  
How undelightful their delight ;  
To my necessity how strange  
The sunshine and the song of birds ;  
How dull the clouds' continual change,  
How foolishly content the herds ;  
How unaccountable the law  
Which bade me sit in blindness here,  
While she, the sun by which I saw,  
Shed splendour in an idle sphere !  
And then I kiss'd her stolen glove,  
And sigh'd to reckon and define  
The modes of martyrdom in love,  
And how far each one might be mine ;  
I thought how love, whose vast estate  
Is earth and air and sun and sea,  
Encounters oft the beggar's fate,  
Despised on score of poverty ;  
How Heav'n, inscrutable in this,  
Lets the gross general make or mar

The destiny of love, which is  
So tender and particular ;  
How nature, as unnatural  
And contradicting nature's source,  
Which is but love, seems most of all  
Well-pleased to harry true love's course ;  
How, many times, it comes to pass  
That trifling shades of temperament,  
Affecting only one, alas,  
Not love, but love's success prevent ;  
How manners often falsely paint  
The man ; how passionate respect,  
Hid by itself, may bear the taint  
Of coldness and a dull neglect ;  
And how a little outward dust  
Can a clear merit quite o'ercloud,  
And make her fatally unjust,  
And him desire a darker shroud ;  
How senseless opportunity  
Gives baser men the better chance ;




How powers, adverse else, agree  
    To cheat her in her ignorance ;  
How Providence itself conspires  
    With man and nature against love,  
As pleased to couple cross desires,  
    And cross where they themselves approve.  
Wretched were life, if the end were now !  
    But this gives tears to dry despair,  
Faith shall be blest, we know not how,  
    And love fulfill'd, we know not where.

## 2.

While thus I grieved, and kiss'd her glove, . .  
    My man brought in her note to say,  
Papa had bid her send his love,  
    And would I dine with them next day?  
They had learn'd and practised Purcell's glee,  
    To sing it by to-morrow night.  
The Postscript was : Her sisters and she  
    Inclosed some violets, blue and white ;

She and her sisters found them where  
I wager'd once no violets grew ;  
So they had won the gloves. And there  
The violets lay, two white, one blue.



## CANTO VI.

*The Dean.*

## PRELUDES.

## I.

Perfect Love rare.

Most rare is still most noble found,  
 Most noble still most incomplete;  
 Sad law, which leaves King Love uncrown'd  
 In this obscure, terrestrial seat!  
 With bale more sweet than others' bliss,  
 And bliss more wise than others' bale,  
 The secrets of the world are his,  
 And freedom without let or pale.  
 O, zealous good, O, virtuous glee,  
 Religious, and without alloy,

O, privilege high, which none but he  
    Who chastely merits can enjoy ;  
O, Love, who art that fabled sun  
    Which all the world with bounty loads,  
Without respect of realms, save one,  
    And gilds with double lustre Rhodes,  
A day of whose delicious life,  
    Though full of terrors, full of tears,  
Is better than of other life  
    A hundred thousand million years,  
Thy heavenly splendour magnifies  
    The least admixture of earth's mould,  
Cheapens thyself in thine own eyes,  
    And makes the foolish mocker bold.

## II.

Love Justified.

WHAT if my pole-star of respect  
Be dim to others, shall their "Nay,"  
Presumably their own defect,  
Invalidate my heart's strong "Yea?"  
And can they rightly me condemn,  
If I, with partial love, prefer?  
I am not more unjust to them,  
But only not unjust to her.  
Leave us alone! After awhile,  
This pool of private charity  
Shall make the continent an isle,  
And roll a world-embracing sea;  
This foolish zeal of lip for lip,  
This fond, self-sanctioned, wilful zest,  
Is that elect relationship  
Which forms and sanctions all the rest;



This little germ of nuptial love,  
Which springs so simply from the sod,  
The root is, as our lives all prove,  
Of all our love to man and God.

## III.

Love Serviceable.

WHAT measure Fate to him shall mete  
Is not the noble Lover's care ;  
He's heart-sick with a longing sweet  
To make her happy as she's fair.  
O, horror, should she him refuse,  
And so her dearest good mistake !  
His own success he thus pursues  
With frantic zeal for her sole sake.  
To lose her were his life to blight,  
Being loss to hers ; to make her his,  
Except as helping her delight,  
He calls but incidental bliss,  
And, holding life as so much pelf  
To buy her posies, learns this lore :  
He does not rightly love himself  
Who does not love another more.

## IV.

Love a Virtue.

STRONG passions mean weak will, and he  
Who truly knows the strength and bliss  
Which are in love, will own with me  
No passion but a virtue 'tis.  
Few hear my word ; it soars above  
The subtlest senses of the swarm  
Of wretched things which know not love,  
Their Psyche still a wingless worm.  
They cannot see these robes of white  
In which I sing of love. Alack,  
Their darkness shews in heavenly light,  
Though whiteness, in the dark, is black !

V.

A Riddie Solved.

KIND souls, you wonder why, love you,  
When you, you wonder why, love none.  
We love, Sir, for the good we do,  
Not that which unto us is done.

## THE DEAN.

## 1.

THE Ladies rose. I held the door,  
 And sigh'd, as her departing grace  
 Assured me that she always wore  
 A heart as happy as her face ;  
 And, jealous of the winds that blew,  
 I dreaded, o'er the tasteless wine,  
 What fortune momentarily might do  
 To hurt the hope that she'd be mine.

## 2.

Towards my mark the Dean's talk set :  
 He praised my "Notes on Abury,"  
 Read when the Association met  
 At Sarum ; he was glad to see

I had not stopp'd, as some men had,  
At Wrangler and Prize Poet ; last,  
He hoped the business was not bad  
I came about : then the wine pass'd.


## 3.

A full glass prefaced my reply :  
I loved his daughter, Honor ; he knew  
My estate and prospects ; might I try  
To win her ? In his eyes tears grew.  
He thought 'twas that. I might. He gave  
His true consent, if I could get  
Her love. A dear, good Girl ! she'd have  
Only three thousand pounds as yet ;  
More bye and bye. Yes, his good will  
Should go with me ; he would not stir ;  
He and my father in old time still  
Wish'd I should one day marry her ;  
But God so seldom let's us take  
Our chosen pathway, when it lies

In steps that either mar or make  
Or alter others' destinies,  
That, though his blessing and his prayer  
Had help'd, should help, my suit, yet he  
Left all to me, his passive share  
Consent and opportunity.  
My chance, he hoped, was good : I'd won  
Some name already ; friends and place  
Appear'd within my reach, but none  
Her mind and manners would not grace.  
Girls love to see the men in whom  
They invest their vanities admired ;  
Besides, where goodness is, there room  
For good to work will be desired.  
'Twas so with one now past away ;  
And what she was at twenty-two,  
Honor was now ; and he might say  
Mine was a choice I could not rue.

## 4.

He ceased, and gave his hand. He had won  
(And joyful tears avouch'd my word)



From me the affection of a son,  
    Whichever fortune Heaven conferr'd !  
Well, well, would I take more wine ? Then go  
    To her ; she makes tea on the Lawn  
These fine warm afternoons. And so  
    We went whither my soul was drawn ;  
And her light-hearted ignorance  
    Of interest in our discourse  
Fill'd me with love, and seem'd to enhance  
    Her beauty with pathetic force,  
As, through the flowery mazes sweet,  
    Fronting the wind that flutter'd blythe,  
And loved her shape, and kiss'd her feet,  
    Shewn to their insteps proud and lithe,  
She approach'd all mildness and young trust ;  
    And ever her chaste and noble air  
Gave to love's feast its choicest gust,  
    A vague, faint augury of despair.





## CANTO VII.

*Aetna and the Moon.*

## PRELUDES.

## I.

The Prodigal.

To heroism and holiness

How hard it is for man to soar,

But how much harder to be less

Than what his mistress loves him for !

There is no man so full of pride,

And none so intimate with shame,

And none to manhood so denied,

As not to mend if women blame.

He does with ease what do he must,

Or merit this, and nought's debarr'd

From man, when woman shall be just  
In gift of her desired regard.

Ah, wasteful woman, she who may

On her sweet self set her own price,

Knowing he cannot choose but pay,

How has she cheapen'd paradise ;

How given for nought her priceless gift,

How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine

Which, spent with due, respective thrift,

Had made brutes men and men divine.

## II.

Honour and Desert.

O QUEEN, awake to thy renown,  
Require what 'tis our wealth to give,  
And comprehend and wear the crown  
Of thy despised prerogative !  
I who in manhood's name at length  
With glad songs come to abdicate  
The gross regality of strength,  
Must yet in this thy praise abate,  
That through thine erring humbleness  
And disregard of thy degree,  
Mainly, has man been so much less  
Than fits his fellowship with thee.  
High thoughts had shaped the foolish brow,  
The coward had grasp'd the hero's sword,  
The vilest had been great, hadst thou,  
Just to thyself, been worth's reward.

But lofty honours undersold  
    Seller and buyer both disgrace ;  
And favour that makes folly bold  
    Puts out the light in virtue's face.

III.

A Distinction.

THE lack of lovely pride, in her  
Who strives to please, my pleasure numbs,  
And still the maid I most prefer  
Whose care to please with pleasing comes.

**ÆTNA AND THE MOON.****I.**

To ease my heart, I, feigning, seized  
A pen, and, showering tears, declared  
My unfeign'd passion ; sadly pleased  
Only to dream that so I dared.  
Thus was the fervid truth confess'd,  
But wild with paradox ran the plea,  
As wilfully in hope depress'd,  
Yet bold beyond hope's warranty :

**2.**

"O, more than dear, be more than just,  
"And do not deafly shut the door !

- "I claim no right to speak ; I trust  
 "Mercy, not right ; yet who has more ?  
 "For, if more love makes not more fit,  
 "Of claimants here none's more nor less,  
 "Since your great worth does not permit  
 "Degrees in our unworthiness.  
 "Yet, if there's aught that can be done  
 "With arduous labour of long years,  
 "By which you'll say that you'll be won,  
 "O tell me, and I'll dry my tears.  
 "Ah, no ; if loving cannot move,  
 "How foolishly must labour fail !  
 "The use of deeds is to show love ;  
 "If signs suffice let these avail :  
 "Your name pronounced brings to my heart  
 "A feeling like the violet's breath,  
 "Which does so much of heaven impart  
 "As makes me yearn with tears for death ;  
 "The winds that in the garden toss  
 "The Guelder-roses give me pain,



" All good, save you, were far less dear  
    " Than is that ill with which I die !  
" Where'er I go, wandering forlorn,  
    " You are the world's love, life, and glee :  
" O, wretchedness not to be borne  
    " If she that's Love should not love me !"

## 3.

I could not write another word,  
    Through pity for my own distress ;  
And forth I went, untimely stirr'd  
    To make my misery more or less.  
I went, beneath the heated noon,  
    To where, in her simplicity,  
She sat at work ; and, as the Moon  
    On Ætna smiles, she smiled on me ;  
But, now and then, in cheek and eyes,  
    I saw, or fancied, such a glow  
As when, in summer-evening skies,  
    Some say " It lightens," some say " No !"

"Honoriam," I began——No more.

The Dean, by ill or happy hap,  
Came home ; and Wolf burst in before,  
And put his nose upon her lap.



## CANTO VIII.

Sarrum Plain.

## PRELUDES.

## I.

Life of Life.

WHAT's that, which, ere I spake, was gone,  
 So joyful and intense a spark'  
 That, whilst o'erhead the wonder shone,  
 The day, before but dull, grew dark ?  
 I do not know ; but this I know,  
 That, had the splendour lived a year,  
 The truth that I some heavenly show  
 Did see, could not be now more clear.  
 This know I too : might mortal breath  
 Express the passion then inspired,

Evil would die a natural death,  
And nothing transient be desired;  
And error from the soul would pass,  
And leave the senses pure and strong  
As sunbeams. But the best, alas,  
Has neither memory nor tongue.

## II.

The Revelation.

AN idle Poet, here and there,  
Looks round him, but, for all the rest,  
The world, unfathomably fair,  
Is duller than a witling's jest.  
Love wakes men, once a life-time each ;  
They lift their heavy lids, and look ;  
And, lo, what one sweet page can teach  
They read with joy, then shut the book. .  
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,  
And most forget ; but, either way,  
That and the Child's unheeded dream  
Is all the light of all their day. .

## III.

## The Impossibility.

Of all the impossibilities  
Of love's achieving, surely none  
So utter as to speak it is.  
By love, in me, may this be done!  
Lo, love's obey'd by all. 'Tis right  
That all should know what they obey,  
Lest erring conscience damp delight,  
And folly laugh our joys away.  
Thou primal Love, who grantest wings  
And voices to the woodland birds,  
Grant me the power of saying things  
Too simple and too sweet for words!

IV.

Joy's Waywardness.

Not in the crises of events,  
 Of compass'd hopes, or fears fulfill'd,  
 Or acts of gravest consequence,  
 Are life's delight and depth reveal'd.  
 I drew my Bride, beneath the moon,  
 Across my threshold. Happy hour!  
 But, ah, the walk that afternoon  
 We saw the water-flags in flower.



## SARUM PLAIN.

## I.

BREAKFAST enjoy'd, with hush of boughs  
 And perfumes thro' the windows blown;  
 Brief worship done, which still endows  
 The day with beauty not its own;  
 With intervening pause, that paints  
 Each act with honour, life with calm,  
 (As old processions of the Saints,  
 At every step have wands of palm),  
 All rose; the ladies went to dress,  
 And soon return'd with smiles; and then,  
 Plans fix'd, to which the Dean said Yes,  
 We four set forth for Salisbury Plain.  
 We past my house, (observed with praise  
 By Mildred, Mary acquiesced),  
 And left the old and lazy greys  
 Below the hill, and walk'd the rest.

## 2.

The moods of love are like the wind,  
And none knows whence or why they rise;  
I ne'er before felt heart and mind  
So much affected through mine eyes.  
How cognate with the flatter'd air,  
How native to the earth her throne,  
She moved; how feeling and how fair  
For other's pleasure and her own;  
And, ah, the heaven of her face!  
How, when she laugh'd, I seem'd to see  
The gladness of the primal grace,  
And how, when grave, its dignity!  
Of all she was, the least not less  
Delighted the devoted eye;  
No fold or fashion of her dress  
Her fairness did not sanctify;  
Better it seem'd as now to walk,  
And humbly by her gentle side  
Observe her smile and hear her talk,  
Than call the world's next best my bride.

I could not else than grieve. What cause?  
Was I not blest? Was she not there?  
Likely my own? Ah, that it was:  
How like seem'd 'likely' to despair?

## 3.

And yet to see her so benign,  
So amiable and womanly,  
In every Christian kindness mine,  
And full of maiden courtesy,  
Was pleasure so without alloy,  
Such unreprieved, sufficient bliss,  
I almost wish'd, the while, that joy  
Might never further go than this.  
I feign'd her won; the mind finite,  
Puzzled and fagg'd by stress and strain  
To comprehend the whole delight,  
Made bliss more hard to bear than pain.  
All good, save heart to hold, so summ'd  
And grasp'd, it smote me like a knife



That sin had narrow'd, dull'd and numb'd  
The feelings to the feast of life ;  
That passing good breathes sweetest breath ;  
And love itself at highest reveals  
More black than bright, commending death,  
By teaching how much life conceals.

## 4.

But happier passions these subdued,  
When from the close and sultry lane,  
With eyes made bright by what they view'd,  
We emerged upon the mounded Plain.  
As to the breeze a flag unfurls  
My spirit expanded, sweetly embraced  
By those same gusts which shook her curls  
And vex'd the ribbon at her waist.  
To the future cast I future cares ;  
Breathed with a heart unfreighted, free,  
And laugh'd at the presumptuous airs  
That with her muslins folded me ;

Till, one vague rack along my sky,  
The thought that she might ne'er be mine  
Lay half forgotten by the eye  
So feasted with the Sun's warm shine.

## 5.

By the great stones we chose our ground  
For shade ; and there, in converse sweet,  
Took luncheon. On a little mound  
Sat the three ladies ; at their feet,  
I sat ; and smelt the heathy smell,  
Pluck'd hare-bells, turn'd the telescope  
To the country round. My life went well,  
For once, without the wheels of hope ;  
And I despised the Druid rocks  
That scowl'd their chill gloom from above,  
Like churls whose stolid wisdom mocks  
The lightness of immortal love ;  
And, as we talk'd, my spirit quaff'd  
The sparkling winds ; the candid skies

At our untruthful strangeness laugh'd ;  
I kiss'd with mine her smiling eyes ;  
And sweet familiarness and awe  
Prevail'd that hour on either part,  
And in the eternal light I saw  
That she was mine ; though yet my heart  
Could not conceive, nor would confess  
Such contentation ; and there grew  
More form and more fair stateliness  
Than heretofore, between us two.



## CANTO IX.

Sabara.

## PRELUDES.

## I.

The Wife's Tragedy.

MAN must be pleased ; but him to please.

Is woman's pleasure ; down the gulf

Of his condoled necessities

She casts her best, she flings herself.

How often flings for nought ! and yokes

Her heart to an icicle or whim,

Whose each impatient word provokes

Another, not from her, but him ;

While she, too gentle even to force

His penitence by kind replies,



Waits by, expecting his remorse,  
With pardon in her pitying eyes ;  
And if he once, by shame oppress'd, ,  
A comfortable word confers,  
She leans and weeps against his breast,  
And seems to think the sin was hers ;  
And whilst his love has any life,  
Or any eye to see her charms,  
At any time, she's still his wife,  
Dearly devoted to his arms ;  
She loves with love that cannot tire ;  
And when, ah woe, she loves alone,  
Through passionate duty love flames higher,  
As grass grows taller round a stone.

## II.

## Common Graces.

O MAN, (and Legion is thy name,)        
    Who hadst for dowry with thy wife  
A conduct void of outward blame,  
    The beauty of a loyal life,  
Is nature in thee too spiritless,  
    Ignoble, impotent, and dead,  
To prize her love and loveliness  
    The more for being thy daily bread ?  
And art thou one of that vile crew  
    Which see no splendour in the sun,  
Praising alone the good that's new,  
    Or over, or not yet begun ?  
And has it dawn'd on thy dull wits  
    That love warms many as soft a nest,  
That, though swathed round with benefits,  
    Thou art not singularly blest ?

And fail thy thanks for gifts divine,  
 The common food of many a heart,  
 Because they are not only thine?  
 Beware lest in the end thou art  
 Cast as a goat forth from the fold,  
 Too proud to feel the common grace  
 Of blissful myriads who behold  
 For evermore the Father's face.

## III.

*The Zest of Life.*

GIVE thanks. It is not time mispent ;  
Worst fare this betters, and the best,  
Wanting this natural condiment,  
Breeds crudeness, and will not digest.  
The grateful love the Giver's law ;  
But those who eat, and look no higher,  
From sin or doubtful sanction draw  
The biting sauce their feasts require.  
Give thanks for nought, if you've no more,  
And, having all things, do not doubt  
That nought, with thanks, is blest before  
Whate'er the world can give, without.

## IV.

Fool and Wise.

ENDOW the fool with sun and moon,  
Being his, he holds them mean and low,  
But to the wise a little boon  
Is great, because the giver's so.

# SAHARA.

## I.

I stood by Honor and the Dean,  
 They seated in the London train.  
 A month from her ! yet this had been,  
 Ere now, without such bitter pain.  
 But neighbourhood makes parting light,  
 And distance remedy has none ;  
 Alone, she near, I felt as might  
 A blind man sitting in the sun ;  
 She near, all for the time was well ;  
 Hope's self, when we were far apart,  
 With lonely feeling, like the smell  
 Of heath on mountains, fill'd my heart.  
 To see her seem'd delight's full scope,  
 And her kind smile, so clear of care,  
 Ev'n then, though darkening all my hope,  
 Gilded the cloud of my despair.

## 2.

She had forgot to bring a book.

I lent one ; blamed the print for old ;  
And did not tell her that she took  
A Tasso worth its weight in gold.  
I hoped she'd lose it ; for my love  
Was grown so dainty, high, and nice,  
It prized no luxury above  
The sense of fruitless sacrifice.

## 3.

The bell rang, and, with shrieks like death,  
Link catching link, the long array,  
With ponderous pulse and fiery breath,  
Proud of its burthen, swept away ;  
And through the fingering crowd I broke,  
Sought the hill-side, and thence, heart-sick,  
Beheld, far off, the little smoke  
Along the landscape kindling quick.

## 4.

What should I do, where should I go,  
Now she was gone, my Love ! for mine  
She was, whatever here below  
Cross'd or usurp'd my right divine.  
Life without her was vain and gross,  
The glory from the world was gone,  
And on the gardens of the Close  
As on Saharah shone the sun.  
Oppress'd with her departed grace,  
My thoughts on ill surmises fed ;  
The harmful influence of the place  
She went to fill'd my soul with dread.  
She, mixing with the people there,  
Might come back alter'd, having caught  
The foolish, fashionable air  
Of knowing all and feeling naught.  
Or, giddy with her beauty's praise,  
She'd scorn our simple country life,  
Its wholesome nights and tranquil days,  
No longer fit to be my wife.



"My wife," "my wife," oh, tenderest word !  
How oft, as fearful she might hear,  
Whispering that name of "wife," I heard  
More than the music of the sphere.

## 5.

I pass'd the home of my regret.  
The clock was chiming in the hall,  
And one sad window open yet,  
Although the dews began to fall.  
Ah, distance shew'd her beauty's scope !  
How light of heart and innocent  
That loveliness which sicken'd hope,  
And wore the world for ornament !  
How perfectly her life was framed ;  
And, thought of in that passionate mood,  
Oh, how her touching graces shamed  
The vulgar life that was but good.  
No, no one loved her half enough !  
Not even her sisters and the Dean ;

All tenderness save mine seem'd rough,  
    Officious, ignorant, and mean.  
I wonder'd, would her bird be fed,  
    Her rose-plots water'd, she not by,  
Loading my breast with angry dread  
    Of light, unlikely injury.  
So, fill'd with love and fond remorse,  
    I paced this Goshen, every part  
Endow'd with reliquary force  
    To heal and raise from death my heart.  
How tranquil and unsecular  
    The precinct ! Once, through yonder gate,  
I saw her go, and knew from far  
    Her noble form and gentle state ;  
Her dress had brush'd this door-post ; here  
    She turn'd her face, and laugh'd, with looks  
Like moonbeams on a wavering mere ;  
    This was her stall, these were her books ;  
Here had she knelt. Here now I stay'd  
    For Evening Prayers ; in grief's despite

Felt grief assuaged ; then homeward stray'd,  
Weary beforehand of the night.  
The blackbird, in the shadowy wood,  
Talk'd by himself, and eastward grew  
In heaven the symbol of my mood,  
Where one bright star engross'd the blue.

# CANTO X.

## Going to Church.

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### PRELUDES.

#### I.

The Joyful Wisdom.

WOULD Wisdom for herself be woo'd,  
 And wake the foolish from his dream,  
 She must be glad as well as good,  
 And must not only be but seem.  
 Beauty and joy are hers by right ;  
 And, knowing this, I wonder less  
 That she's so scorn'd, when falsely dight,  
 In misery and ugliness.  
 What's that which Heav'n to man endears,  
 And that which eyes no sooner see

Than the heart says, with floods of tears,

“ Ah, that's the thing which I would be !”

Not childhood, full of frown and fret ;

Not youth, impatient to disown

Those visions high, which to forget

Were worse than never to have known ;

Not worldlings, in whose fair outside

Nor courtesy nor justice fails,

Whose virtues are but vices tied,

Like Samson's foxes, by the tails ;

Not poets : real things are dreams,

When dreams are as realities,

And boasters of celestial gleams

Go stumbling aye for want of eyes ;

Not patriots or people's men,

In whom two worse-match'd evils meet

Than ever sought Adullam's den,

Base conscience and a high conceit ;

Not new-made saints, their feelings iced,


Their joy in man and nature gone,

Who sing, “ O, easy yoke of Christ !”

But find 'tis hard to get it on ;

Not great men, even when they're good ;  
The good man whom the Lord makes great,  
By some disgrace of chance or blood  
He fails not to humiliate ;  
Not these : but souls, found here and there,  
Oases in our waste of sin,  
Where everything is well and fair,  
And God remits his discipline ;  
Whose sweet subdual of the world  
The worldling scarce can recognise,  
And ridicule, against it hurl'd,  
Drops with a broken sting and dies ;  
Who nobly, if they cannot know  
Whether a 'scutcheon's dubious field  
Carries a falcon or a crow,  
Fancy a falcon on the shield ;  
Yet, ever careful not to hurt  
God's honour, who creates success,  
Their praise of even the best desert  
Is but to have presumed no less ;  
And, should their own life plaudits bring,  
They're simply vex'd at heart that such

An easy, yea, delightful thing  
Should move the minds of men so much.  
They live by law, not like the fool,  
But like the Bard, who freely sings  
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,  
And finds in them, not bonds, but wings.  
Postponing still their private ease  
To courtly custom, appetite,  
Subjected to observances,  
To banquet goes with full delight ;  
Nay, continence and gratitude  
So cleanse their lives from earth's alloy,  
They taste in nature common food,  
Nothing but spiritual joy.  
They shine like Moses in the face,  
And teach our hearts, without the rod,  
That God's grace is the only grace,  
And all grace is the grace of God.



## II.

Truth and Love.

SHE whom the heavenly Books declare  
The Crown and Glory of the man,  
Is much too nearly dear my care  
For me with sequent thoughts to scan.  
In her prized interest yet I prove,  
With words that ne'er shall be forgot,  
Such perfect friends are truth and love  
That neither lives where both are not.  
Praise then my Song where'er it comes,  
Ladies, whose innocence makes bright  
England, the land of courtly homes,  
The world's exemplar and delight.



## III.

## The Devices.

Love, kiss'd by Wisdom, wakes twice love,  
And Wisdom is, thro' loving, wise.  
Let Dove and Snake, and Snake and Dove,  
This Wisdom's be, that Love's device.

## GOING TO CHURCH.

## I.

I WOKE at three ; for I was bid  
To breakfast with the Dean at nine,  
And take his girls to Church. I slid  
My curtain, found the season fine,  
And could not rest, so rose. The air  
Was dark and sharp ; the roosted birds  
Cheep'd, " Here am I, Sweet ; are you there ?"  
On Avon's misty flats the herds  
Expected, comfortless, the day,  
Which slowly fired the clouds above ;  
The cock scream'd, somewhere far away ;  
In sleep the matrimonial dove  
Was brooding ; no wind waked the wood,  
Nor moved the midnight river-damps,  
Nor thrill'd the poplar ; quiet stood  
The chestnut with its thousand lamps ;


The moon shone yet, but weak and drear,  
And seem'd to watch, with bated breath,  
The landscape, all made sharp and clear  
By stillness, as a face by death.

## 2.

My prayers for her being done, I took  
Occasion by the quiet hour  
To find and know, by Rule and Book,  
The rights of love's beloved power.

## 3.

Fronting the question without ruth,  
Not ignorant that, evermore,  
If men will stoop to kiss the Truth,  
She lifts them higher than before,  
I from above such light required  
As now should once for all destroy  
The folly which at times desired  
A sanction for so great a joy.



## 4.

Thenceforth, and through that prayer, I trod  
A path with no suspicions dim ;  
I loved her in the name of God,  
And for the ray she was of Him ;  
I ought to admire much more, not less ;  
Her beauty was a godly grace ;  
The mystery of loveliness,  
Which made an altar of her face,  
Was not of the flesh, though that was fair,  
But a most pure and living light  
Without a name, by which the rare  
And virtuous spirit flamed to sight.  
If oft, in love, effect lack'd cause  
And cause effect, 'twere vain to soar  
Reasons to seek for that which was  
Reason itself, or something more.  
My joy was no idolatry  
Upon the ends of the vile earth bent,

For when I loved her most then I  
Most yearn'd for more divine content.  
That other doubt, which, like a ghost  
At all love's banquets haunted me,  
Was thus resolv'd : Him loved I most,  
But her I loved most sensibly.  
Lastly, I knew my hope unblamed  
By selfish thought or earthly smirch ;  
And forth I went, no whit ashamed  
To take my passion into Church ;  
Grateful and glad to think that all  
Such doubts would seem entirely vain  
To her whose nature's lighter fall  
Made no divorce 'twixt heart and brain.

## 5.

I found them, with exactest grace  
And fresh as Spring, for Spring attired ;  
And by the radiance in her face  
I saw she felt she was admired ;

And, through the common luck of love,  
A moment's fortunate delay,  
To fit the little lilac glove,  
Gave me her arm ; and I and they  
(They true to this and every hour,  
As if attended on by Time),  
Went into Church while yet the tower  
Was noisy with the finish'd chime.

## 6.

Her soft voice, singularly heard  
Beside me, in the Psalms, withstood  
The roar of voices, like a bird  
Sole warbling in a windy wood ;  
And, when we knelt, she seem'd to be  
An angel teaching me to pray ;  
And all through the sweet Liturgy  
My spirit rejoiced without allay,  
Being for once borne clearly above  
All banks and bars of ignorance,

By this bright spring-tide of pure love,  
And floated in a free expanse,  
Whence it could see from side to side,  
The obscurity from every part  
Winnow'd away and purified  
By the vibrations of my heart.

## 7.

The Dean's Text, (oft it happens thus,)  
Most apt to what my thoughts employ'd,  
Was Paul's word to those, infamous,  
Of natural affection void.  
He preach'd but what the conscience saith  
To those blest few who listen well :  
"No fruit can come of that man's faith  
"Who is to Nature infidel.  
"God stands not with Himself at strife :  
"His Work is first, His Word is next :  
"Two sacred tomes, one Book of Life ;  
"The comment this, and that the text."

"Ill worship they who drop the Creed,

"And take their chance with Jew and Turk ;

"But not so ill as they who read

"The Word, and doubt the greater Work."





## CANTO XI.

Itarus.

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## PRELUDES.

## I.

The Daughter of Eve.

THOUGH Godward-erring, when I trace

Her worth to me, and how she is

My most effectual means of grace,

And casket of my worldly bliss,

I, looking round, do nowhere see

That second good which doth afford


The like compulsion, urging me

With all my heart to praise the Lord.

Her meek and gentle mood o'erstept

Withers my love, that lightly scans

The rest, and does in her accept  
All her own faults, but none of man's,  
As man I cannot judge her ill,  
Or honour her fair station less,  
Who, with a woman's errors, still  
Preserves a woman's gentleness ;  
For thus I think, if one I see  
Who disappoints my high desire,  
" How admirable would she be,  
" Could she but know how I admire !"  
Or fail she, though from blemish clear,  
To charm, I call it my defect ;  
And so my thought, with reverent fear  
To err by doltish disrespect,  
Imputes love's great regard, and says,  
" Though unapparent 'tis to me,  
" Be sure this Queen some other sways  
" With well perceiv'd supremacy."  
Behold the worst ! Light from above  
On the blank ruin writes " Forbear ;  
" Her first crime was unguarded love,  
" And all the rest was mere despair."



Discrown'd, dejected, but not lost,  
O, sad one, with no more a name  
Or place in all the honour'd host  
Of maiden and of matron fame,  
Grieve on ; but, if thou grievest right,  
'Tis not that these abhor thy state,  
Nor would'st thou lower the least the height  
Which makes thy casting down so great.  
Good is thy lot in its degree ;  
For hearts that verily repent,  
Are burden'd with impunity,  
And comforted by chastisement.  
Sweet patience sanctify thy woes !  
And doubt not but our God is just,  
Albeit unscath'd thy traitor goes,  
And thou art stricken to the dust.  
That penalty's the best to bear  
Which follows soonest on the sin ;  
And guilt's a game where losers fare  
Better than those who seem to win.

## II.

## The Reticence.

Nor to unveil before the gaze  
Of an imperfect sympathy  
In aught we are, is the sweet praise  
And the main sum of modesty.  
Love blabb'd of is a great decline,  
A careless word unsanctions sense,  
But he who casts Heav'n's truths to swine  
Consummates all incontinence.

III.

The First Moralists

'Tis truth, (although this truth's a star  
 Too deep-enski'd for all to see),  
 "As poets of grammar Lovers are  
 "The well-heads of morality."

## ICARUS.

## I.

"MY memory of heaven awakes!

"She's not of the earth, although her light

"As lantern'd by her body, makes

"A piece of it past bearing bright.

"So innocently proud and fair

"She is, that Wisdom sings for glee

"And Folly dies, breathing one air

"With such a bright-cheek'd chastity;

"And though her charms are a strong law

"Compelling all men to admire,

"They are so clad with lovely awe

"None but the noble dares desire.

"He who would seek to make her his

"Will comprehend that souls of grace

"Own sweet repulsion, and that 'tis

"The quality of their embrace

"To be like the majestic reach  
    "Of coupled suns, that, from afar,  
"Mingle their mutual spheres, while each  
    "Circles the twin obsequious star :  
"And in the warmth of hand to hand,  
    "Of heart to heart, he'll vow to note  
"And reverently understand  
    "How the two spirits shine remote ;  
"And ne'er to numb fine honour's nerve,  
    "Nor let sweet awe in passion melt,  
"Nor fail by courtesies to observe  
    "The space which makes attraction felt ;  
"Nor cease to guard like life the sense  
    "Which tells him that the embrace of love  
"Is o'er a gulf of difference  
    "Love cannot sound, nor death remove."


## 2.

This learn'd I, watching where she danced,  
    Native to melody and light,  
And now and then toward me glanced,  
    Pleased, as I hoped, to please my sight.



## 3.

Ah, love to speak was impotent,  
Till music did a tongue confer,  
And I ne'er knew what music meant,  
Until I danced to it with her.  
Too proud of the sustaining power  
Of my, till then, unblemish'd joy,  
My passion, for reproof, that hour  
Tasted mortality's alloy,  
And bore me down an eddying gulf;  
I wish'd the world might run to wreck,  
So I but once might fling myself  
Obliviously about her neck.  
I press'd her hand, by will or chance  
I know not, but I saw the rays  
Withdrawn, which did till then enhance  
Her fairness with its thanks for praise.  
I knew my spirit's vague offence  
Was patent to the dreaming eye  
And heavenly tact of innocence,  
And did for fear my fear defy,



And ask'd her for the next dance. "Yes."

"No" had not fall'n with half the force.

She was fulfill'd with gentleness,

And I with measureless remorse ;

And, ere I slept, on bended knee

I own'd myself, with many a tear,

Unseasonable, disorderly,

And a deranger of love's sphere ;

Gave thanks that, when we stumble and fall,

We hurt ourselves, and not the Truth,

And, rising, found its brightness all

The brighter through the tears of ruth.

## 4.

Nor was my hope that night made less,

Though order'd, humbled, and reproved :

Her farewell did her heart express

As much, but not with anger, moved.

My trouble had my soul betray'd ;

And, in the night of my despair,

My love, a flower of noon afraid,  
Divulged its fulness unaware.  
I saw she saw ; and, O sweet Heaven,  
Could my glad mind have credited  
That influence had to me been given  
To affect her so, I should have said  
That, though she from herself conceal'd  
Love's felt delight and fancied harm,  
They made her face the jousting field  
Of joy and beautiful alarm.

## CANTO XII.

*The Abdication.*

## PRELUDES.

## I.

*The Chace.*

SHE wearies with an ill unknown ;  
     In sleep she sobs and seems to float,  
 A water-lily, all alone  
     Within a lonely castle-moat ;  
 And as the full-moon, spectral, lies  
     Within the crescent's gleaming arms,  
 The present shows her heedless eyes  
     A future dim with vague alarms.  
 She sees, and yet she scarcely sees ;  
     For, life-in-life not yet begun,

Too many are its mysteries  
For thought to fix t'wards any one.  
She's told that maidens are by youths  
Extremely honour'd and desired;  
And sighs, "If those sweet tales be truths,  
"What bliss to be so much admired!"  
The suitors come; she sees them grieve;  
Her coldness fills them with despair;  
She'd pity if she could believe;  
She's sorry that she cannot care.  
But who now meets her on her way?  
Comes he as enemy, or friend,  
Or both? Her bosom seems to say  
He cannot pass, and there an end.  
Whom does he love? Does he confer  
His heart on worth that answers his?  
Or is he come to worship her?  
She fears, she hopes, she thinks he is!  
Advancing stepless, quick, and still,  
As in the grass a serpent glides,

He fascinates her fluttering will,  
Then terrifies with dreadful strides.  
At first, there's nothing to resist;  
He fights with all the forms of peace;  
He comes about her like a mist,  
With subtle, swift, unseen increase;  
And then, unlook'd for, strikes amain  
Some stroke that frightens her to death,  
And grows all harmless again,  
Ere she can cry, or get her breath.  
At times she stops, and stands at bay;  
But he, in all more strong than she,  
Subdues her with his pale dismay,  
Or more admired audacity.  
She plans some final, fatal blow,  
But, when she means with frowns to kill,  
He looks as if he loved her so  
She smiles to him against her will.  
How sweetly he implies her praise!  
His tender talk, his gentle tone,

The manly worship in his gaze,  
It nearly makes her heart his own.  
With what an air he speaks her name  
His manner always recollects  
Her sex, and still the woman's claim  
Is taught its scope by his respects.  
Her charms, perceived to prosper first  
In his beloved advertencies,  
When in her glass they are rehearsed,  
Prove his most powerful allies.  
Ah, whither shall a maiden flee,  
When a bold youth so swift pursues,  
And siege of tenderest courtesy,  
With hope perseverant, still renews !  
Why fly so fast? Her flatter'd breast  
Thanks him who finds her fair and good;  
She loves her fears ; veil'd joys arrest  
The foolish terrors of her blood ;  
By secret, sweet degrees, her heart,  
Vanquish'd, takes warmth from his desire ;

She makes it more, with bashful art,  
And fuels love's late dreaded fire.  
The gallant credit he accords  
To all the signs of good in her,  
Redeems itself; his praiseful words  
The virtues they impute confer.  
Her heart is thrice as rich in bliss,  
She's three times gentler than before ;  
He gains a right to call her his,  
Now she through him is so much more !  
Ah, might he, when by doubts aggrieved,  
Behold his tokens next her breast,  
At all his words and sighs perceived  
Against its glad upheaval press'd !  
But still she flies. Should she be won,  
It must not be believed or thought  
She yields; she's chased to death, undone,  
Surprised, and violently caught.



## II.

Denied.

THE storm-cloud, whose portentous shade  
Fumes from a core of smother'd fire,  
His livery is whose worshipp'd maid  
Denies herself to his desire.  
Ah, grief that almost crushes life,  
To lie upon his lonely bed  
And fancy her another's wife!  
His brain is flame, his heart is lead.  
Sinking at last, by Nature's course,  
Cloak'd round with sleep from his despair,  
He only sleeps to gather force  
That goes to his exhausted care.  
He wakes renew'd for all the smart.  
O, how he loved her! She is wed!  
His fondness comes about his heart,  
As milk comes when the babe is dead.

The wretch, whom she found fit for scorn,

His own allegiant thoughts despise ;

And far into the shining morn

Lazy with misery he lies.

## III.

Advice to a Maid.

MAID, choosing man, remember this :

You take his nature with his name.

Ask, too, what his religion is ;

For you will soon be of the same.

## THE ABDICATION.

## I.

FROM little signs, like little stars,  
Whose faint impression on the sense  
The very looking straight at mars,  
Or only seen by confluence ;  
From instinct of a mutual thought,  
Whence sanctity of manners flow'd ;  
From chance unconscious, and from what  
Concealment, overconscious, show'd ;  
Her hand's less weight upon my arm,  
Her lowlier mien ; that match'd with this ;  
I found, and felt with strange alarm,  
I stood committed to my bliss.

## 2.

I grew assured, before I ask'd,  
That she'd be mine without reserve,

And in her unclaim'd graces bask'd,  
At leisure, till the time should serve,  
With just enough of dread to thrill  
The hope, and make it trebly dear ;  
Thus loath to speak the word to kill  
Either the hope or happy fear.

## 3.

Till once, through lanes returning late,  
Her laughing sisters lagg'd behind ;  
And, ere we reach'd her father's gate,  
We paused with one presentient mind ;  
And, in the dim and perfumed mist,  
Their coming stay'd, who, blythe and free,  
And very women, loved to assist  
A lover's opportunity.

## 4.

Twice rose, twice died my trembling word  
The faint and frail Cathedral chimes

Spoke time in music, and we heard  
The chafers rustling in the limes.  
Her dress, that touch'd me where I stood ;  
The warmth of her confided arm ;  
Her bosom's gentle neighbourhood ;  
Her pleasure in her power to charm ;  
Her look, her love, her form, her touch,  
The least seem'd most by blissful turn,  
Blissful but that it pleased too much,  
And taught the wayward soul to yearn.  
It was as if a harp with wires  
Was traversed by the breath I drew ;  
And, oh, sweet meeting of desires,  
She, answering, own'd that she loved too.

## 5.

Honoria was to be my bride!  
The hopeless heights of hope were scaled ;  
The summit won, I paused and sigh'd,  
As if success itself had fail'd.

Assured of this surpassing hope,  
Too great to humble or to hurt  
By any measuring of its scope  
With my most utter non-desert,  
It seem'd as if my lips approach'd  
To touch at Tantalus' reward,  
And rashly on Eden life encroach'd,  
Half-blinded by the flaming sword.  
The whole world's wealthiest and its best,  
So fiercely follow'd, seem'd, when found,  
Poor in its need to be possess'd,  
Poor from its very want of bound.  
By that consenting scared and shock'd,  
Such change came o'er her mien and mood  
That I felt startled and half-mock'd  
As winning what I had not woo'd.  
My queen was crouching at my side,  
By love unscepter'd and brought low,  
Her awful garb of maiden pride  
All melted into tears like snow ;

The mistress of my reverent thought,  
Whose praise was all I ask'd of fame,  
In my close-watch'd approval sought  
Protection as from danger and blame.  
Her soul, which I had loved to invest  
With pity for my poor desert,  
Buried its face within my breast,  
Like a pet fawn by hunters hurt.

## 6.

Sweet are the flatteries of love ;  
They neither would nor do deceive,  
Albeit they lift our hearts above  
All flatteries which our hearts believe !  
But this of making me her lord  
Appear'd such passionate excess,  
I almost wish'd her state restored,  
I almost wish'd she loved me less.  
I felt abash'd, and look'd aside  
From honour I might not refuse,



Until I saw my shame was pride,  
Since love in love discerns all dues,  
And never of meaner payment speaks,  
But loves to love for love's sole sake,  
And in its object only seeks  
That worth which only love can wake.

## 7.

Of this good truth intelligent,  
I buried soon, in the deep sea  
Of a most near and dear content,  
All pride and all humility ;  
So she beside me sate her down,  
Excused from dignity and care,  
And I submitted to the crown  
No choice was left me but to wear.

## THE EPILOGUE.

## I.

HIS "Book the First" so finish'd, Vaughan  
     Elated with his partner's praise,  
 March'd laughing up and down the lawn,  
     With brows that seem'd to feel the bays.  
 She thought the Critics must admire  
     What seem'd to her such lovely rhymes !  
 "Nay," answer'd he, with rising ire,  
     Foreboding "Blackwood" and "The Times,"  
 "I'm not a Chartist or a lord ;  
     "To strut on stilts is not my use ;  
 "And my vain claim to their good word  
     "Is nothing but a noble Muse."  
 Then, boasting Songs to come, he said  
     The strains with which the next began  
 Pass'd all he'd written yet ; and read  
     The opening verses. Thus they ran :

## 2.

" 'Tis so beyond conceiving sweet  
    "To love and be beloved in turn,  
" That lovers talk, whene'er they meet,  
    " Only their joy to teach and learn.  
" They tell how dearly they adore ;  
    " Will not believe that they're believed;  
" And tell the tidings o'er and o'er,  
    " And kiss to make their words conceived ;  
" And then take hands with sighs' soft speech,  
    " And tell the same sweet tale again ;  
" The same sweet mystery learn and teach ;  
    " And kiss and kiss to make it plain.  
" Beloved tautologies of love !  
    " Which ever, ever both repeat ;  
" Which never, never seem to prove  
    " The point to either's fond conceit ;  
" Because, indeed,—"

## 3.

But here his Wife,  
All praise till now, objected : " This,"

Said she, "you did not take from life ;  
    "You should not make the lady kiss."  
The fault confess'd with light demur,  
    Those lines he promised he'd remove,  
Fixing in colloquy with her,  
    As canons of their Court of Love :  
"Like and like chime, same and same jar ;  
    "If she to womanhood is true,  
"To manhood he, their feelings are  
    "In difference match'd, like red and blue."

## 4.

Then, pondering what the difference was,  
    He ask'd her thrice if she'd be pleased  
To help his Muse ; but she grew cross,  
    And begg'd that she might not be teased.  
"Well, till you tell me freely why  
    "You love me, you shall have no kiss ;  
"And so, till dinner-time, good-bye!"  
    Said he, used to prevail by this.

She : "Dearest, do not leave me so !"

He : "Give the reasons, one and all."

She, laughing ! "Love I do not know,

"Unless it is that you're so tall."

On tiptoe, then, she stood to touch

His lips with her's, but three times miss'd

And pouted. "Nay, then, tell how much !"

"How can I, if you'll not be kiss'd !"

Baffled, he thought the difference o'er ;

Soon smiled, and said he knew it well ;

But, good World, Love shows Poets more

Than you deserve that they should tell.

BOOK II.

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The Espousals.



## PROLOGUE.

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### I.

HER sons pursue the butterflies,

Her baby daughter mocks the doves  
With throbbing coo ; in his fond eyes

She's Venus with her little Loves ;  
Her footfall dignifies the earth,

Her form's the native-land of grace,  
And, lo, his coming lights with mirth

Its court and capitol her face !  
Of such a lady proud's the lord,  
And that her flatter'd bosom knows ;

She takes his arm without a word,

In lanes of laurel and of rose.  
Ten years to-day has she been his.

He but begins to understand,



He says, the dignity and bliss

She gave him when she gave her hand ;

'Ah, who'd believe, should he aver,

To press that hand, though part so small

Of the honour he enjoys in her,

Seems now much more than when 'twas all

She, answering, says, he disenchants

The past, though that was perfect ; he

Rejoins, the present nothing wants

But briefness to be ecstasy.

He lauds her charms ; her beauty's glow

Wins from the spoiler Time new rays ;

Bright looks reply, approving so

Beauty's elixir vitæ, praise ;

Upon a beech he bids her mark

Where, ten years since, he carved her name

It grows there with the growing bark,

And in his heart it grows the same !

For that her soft arm presses his

Close to her fond, maternal breast ;

He tells her, each fresh favour is  
The effectual sum of all the rest !  
And, whilst the cushat, mocking, coo'd,  
They blest the days that they'd been wed  
At cost of those in which he woo'd,  
Till everything was three times said ;  
And words were growing vain, when Briggs,  
Factotum, Footman, Butler, Groom,  
Who help'd the Gardener, fed the pigs,  
Preserved the rabbits, drove the brougham,  
Attended Master, roll'd the Lawns,  
Got in the math, and thatch'd the ricks,  
Here brought the Post down, Mrs. Vaughan's  
Sole rival, Venus Meretrix.

## 2.

Joy to the lovely, lawful dame !  
'Twas scarcely looked at, push'd aside,  
Though news-puff'd like the cheeks of Fame.  
News, County business, all must bide ;


For now the longed-for "Second Book,"  
Till this tenth festival kept close,  
Was thus commenced, while o'er them shook  
The laurel married with the rose.

## 3.

"The pulse of War, whose bloody heats  
"Sane purposes insanely work,  
"Now with fraternal frenzy beats,  
"And binds the Christian to the Turk,  
"And shrieking fives"—

## 4.

But, with a roar,  
In rush'd the Loves ; the tallest roll'd  
A hedgehog from his pinafore,  
Which saved his fingers ; Baby, bold,  
Touch'd it, and stared, and screamed for life,  
And stretch'd her hand for Vaughan to kiss,



Who hugg'd his Pet, and ask'd his Wife,  
    "Is this for love, or love for this?"  
But she turn'd pale, for, lo, the beast  
    Found stock-still in the rabbit-trap,  
And feigning so to be deceased,  
    And laid by Frank upon her lap,  
Unglobed himself, and show'd his snout,  
    And fell, scatt'ring the Loves amain,  
With shriek, with laughter, and with shout ;  
    And peace at last restored again,  
The Bard, who this untimely hitch  
    Bore with a calm magnanimous,  
(The hedgehog kick'd into a ditch,  
    And Venus sooth'd,) proceeded thus :



# CANTO I.

Genlaly.

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## PRELUDES.

### I.

The Song of Songs.

THE pulse of war, whose bloody heats  
 Sane purposes insanelly work,  
 Now with fraternal frenzy beats,  
 And binds the Christian to the Turk,  
 And shrieking fifes and braggart flags,  
 Through quiet England, teach our breath  
 The courage corporate that drags  
 The coward to heroic death.  
 Too late for song ! Who henceforth sings,  
 Must fledge his heavenly flight with more

Song-worthy and heroic things  
Than hasty, home-destroying War.  
While might and right are not agreed,  
And battle thus is yet to wage,  
So long let laurels be the meed  
Of soldier as of poet sage ;  
But men await the Tale of Love,  
And weary of the Tale of Troy ;  
Lift me, O Muse, myself above,  
To win the honour and the joy !

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## II.

## The Kites.

I saw three Cupids, (so I dream'd),  
Who made three kites, on which were drawn,  
In letters that like roses gleam'd,  
"Plato," "Anacreon," and "Vaughan."  
The boy who held by Plato tried  
His airy venture first ; all sail,  
It heav'nward rush'd till scarce descried,  
Then pitch'd and dropp'd, for want of tail.  
Anacreon's Love, with shouts of mirth  
That pride of spirit thus should fall,  
To his kite link'd a lump of earth,  
And, lo, it would not soar at all.  
Last, my disciple freighted his  
With a long streamer made of flowers,  
The children of the sod, and this  
Rose in the sun and flew for hours.



## III.

Orpheus.

THE music of the Sirens found

Ulysses weak, though cords were strong ;

But happier Orpheus stood unbound,

And shamed it with a sweeter song.

His mode be mine. Of Heav'n I ask,

May I, with heart-persuading might,

Pursue the Poet's sacred task

Of superseding faith by sight,

Till ev'n the witless Gadarene,

Preferring Christ to swine, shall know

That life is sweetest when it's clean.

To prouder folly let me show

Earth by divine light made divine ;

And let the saints, who hear my word,

Say, " Lo, the clouds begin to shine

" About the coming of the Lord !"

## IV.

Nearest the Dearest.

TILL Eve was brought to Adam, he  
A solitary desert trod,  
Though in the great society  
Of Nature, angels, and of God.  
If one slight column counterweighs  
The ocean, 'tis the Maker's law,  
Who deems obedience better praise  
Than sacrifice of erring awe.

## V.

Star and Planet.

WHAT seems to us for us is true.

The planet has no proper light,

And yet to subtlest mortal view

The primal star is not so bright.

## BEULAH.

## I.

WHAT fortune did my heart foretell ?

What shook my spirit, as I woke,  
Like the vibration of a bell

Of which I had not heard the stroke ?  
Was it some happy vision shut

From memory by the sun's fresh ray ?  
Was it that linnet's song ; or but

A natural gratitude for day ?  
Or the mere joy the senses weave,

A wayward ecstasy of life ?  
Then I remember'd, yester-eve  
I won Honoria for my wife.

## 2.

Forth riding, while as yet the day  
Was dewy, watching Sarum Spire,

Still beckoning me along my way,  
And growing every minute higher,  
I reach'd the Dean's. One blind was down,  
Though nine then struck. My bride to be!  
And had she rested ill, my own,  
With thinking (oh my heart!) of me?  
I paced the streets; a pistol chose,  
To guard my now important life  
When riding late from Sarum Close;  
At noon return'd. Good Mrs. Fife,  
To my, "The Dean, is he at home?"  
Smiled, "No, Sir; but Miss Honor is;"  
And straight, not asking if I'd come,  
Announced me, "Mr. Felix, Miss,"  
To Mildred, in the Study. There  
We talk'd, she working. We agreed  
The day was fine; the Fancy-Fair  
Successful; "Did I ever read  
"De Genlis?" "Never." "Do! She heard  
"I was engaged." "To whom?" "Miss Fry.

"Was it the fact?" "No!" "On my word?"

"What scandal people talk'd!" "Would I  
"Hold out this skein of silk." So pass'd

I knew not how much time away.

"How were her sisters?" "Well." At last

I summon'd heart enough to say,

"I hoped to have seen Miss Churchill too."

"Miss Churchill, Felix! What is this?"

"I said, and now I find it's true,

"Last night you quarrell'd! Here she is."

## 3.

She enter'd, like a morning rose

Ruffled with rain, and made me blush:

Her crown once more was on her brows;

And, with a faint, indignant flush,

And fainter smile, she gave her hand,

But not her eyes, then sate apart,

As if to make me understand

The honour of her vanquish'd heart.

But I drew humbly to her side ;  
And she, well pleased, perceiving me  
Subdued again before the pride  
Of her unconquer'd majesty,  
Once and for all put it away ;  
The faint flush pass'd ; and, thereupon,  
Her loveliness, which rather lay  
In light than colour, smiled and shone,  
Till sick was all my soul with bliss ;  
Or was it with remorse and ire  
That grace so worshipful as this  
Should not have set its heaven higher ?

## CANTO II.

*The Course of True Love.*

## PRELUDES.


## I.

The Surrender,

WATCH how a bird, that captived sings,  
 The cage set open, first looks out,  
 Yet fears the freedom of his wings,  
 And now withdraws, and flits about,  
 And now looks forth again ; until,  
 Grown bold, he perches here and there,  
 And now attains the window-sill,  
 And now confides himself to air.  
 The maiden so, from love's free sky  
 In chaste and prudent counsels caged,



But longing to be loosen'd by  
Her suitor's faith declared and gaged,  
When blest with that release desired,  
First doubts if truly she is free,  
Then pauses, restlessly retired,  
Alarm'd at too much liberty ;  
But soon, remembering all her debt  
To plighted passion, gets by rote  
Her duty ; says, " I love him !" yet  
The thought half chokes her in her throat ;  
And, like that fatal " I am thine,"  
Comes with alternate gush and check  
And joltings of the heart, as wine  
Pour'd from a flask of narrow neck.  
Is he indeed her choice ? She fears  
Her Yes was rashly said, and shame,  
Remorse, and ineffectual tears  
Revolt from his conceded claim.  
Oh, treason ! So, with desperate nerve,  
She cries, " I am in love, am his !"



Lets run the cables of reserve,  
And floats into a sea of bliss,  
And laughs to think of her alarm,  
Avows she was in love before,  
Though his avowal was the charm  
Which open'd to her own the door.  
She loves him for his mastering air,  
Whence, Parthian-like, she slaying flies ;  
His flattering look, which seems to wear  
Her loveliness in manly eyes ;  
His smile, which, by reverse, portends  
An awful wrath, should reason stir ;  
(How fortunate it is they're friends,  
And he will ne'er be wroth with her !)  
His power to do or guard from harm ;  
If he but chose to use it half,  
And catch her up in one strong arm,  
What could she do but weep, or laugh !  
His words, which still instruct, but so  
That this applause seems still implied,

"How wise in all she ought to know,

"How ignorant of all beside!"

His skilful suit, which leaves her free,

Gives nothing for the world to name,

And keeps her conscience safe, while he,

With half the bliss, takes all the blame ;

His clear repute with great and small ;

The jealousy his choice will stir ;

But, ten times more than ten times all,

She loves him for his love of her.

How happy 'tis that he can see

In her that total loveliness

Which she, for his sake, longs to be !

At times, she cannot but confess

Her other friends are somewhat blind ;

Her parents' years excuse neglect,

But all the rest are scarcely kind,

And brothers grossly want respect.

And oft she views what he admires

Within her glass, and sight of this

Makes all the sum of her desires

To be devotion unto his.

But still, at first, whatever's done,

A touch, her arm press'd lightly, she

Stands dizzied, shock'd, and flush'd, like one

Set sudden neck-deep in the sea ;

And, though her bond for endless time

To his good pleasure gives her o'er,

The slightest favour seems a crime,

Because it makes her love him more.

But that she ne'er will let him know ;

For what were love should reverence cease ?

A thought which makes her reason so

Inscrutable, it seems caprice.

With her, as with a desperate town,

Too weak to stand, too proud to treat,

The conqueror, though the walls are down,

Has still to capture street by street ;

But, after that, habitual faith,

Divorced from self, where late was due,

Walks nobly in its novel path,  
And she's to changed allegiance true ;  
And, prizing what she can't prevent,  
(Right wisdom, often misdeem'd whim,)  
Her will's indomitably bent  
On mere submission unto him ;  
To him she'll cleave, for him forsake  
Father's and mother's fond command ;  
He is her lord, for he can take  
Hold of her faint heart with his hand.

## II.

Beauty.

“BEAUTY deludes.” O, shaft well shot,  
To strike the mark’s true opposite !  
That ugly good is scorn’d proves not  
’Tis beauty lies, but lack of it.  
By Heaven’s law the Jew might take  
A slave to wife, if she was fair ;  
So strong a plea does beauty make  
That, where ’tis seen, discretion’s there.  
If, by a monstrous chance, we learn  
That this illustrious vaunt’s a lie,  
Our minds, by which the eyes discern,  
See hideous contrariety,  
And laugh at Nature’s wanton mood  
Which, thus a swinish thing to flout,  
Though haply in its gross way good,  
Hangs such a jewel in its snout,

## III.

Lais and Lucretia.

HER Lover's beauty does she prize ?  
That's Lais ; thus Lucretia's known :  
The beauty in her Lover's eyes  
Is admiration of her own.

## AUNT MAUDE.

## I.

OH, beating heart of sweet alarm,  
 Which stays the lover's step, when near  
 His mistress, and her awful charm  
 Of grace and innocence sincere !  
 I held the half-shut door, and heard  
 The voice of my betrothed Wife,  
 Who sang my verses, every word  
 By music taught its latent life ;  
 With interludes of well-touch'd notes,  
 That flash'd, surprising and serene,  
 As meteor after meteor floats  
 The soft, autumnal stars between.  
 There was a passion in her tone,  
 A tremor when she touch'd the keys,  
 Which told me she was there alone,  
 And uttering all her heart at ease.




I enter'd ; for I did not choose  
To kiss her hand, without the glove,  
By chance or stealth ; beyond their use,  
Her large eyes flatter'd me with love.

## 2.

" I wish you had not come to-day !  
" Would, Felix, we were safely wed !  
" Aunt Maude is here. I cannot say  
" The cruel things that she has said !"  
With true love's treacherous confidence,  
And ire, at last to laughter won,  
She told her words, and mark'd their sense,  
By action, as her Aunt had done.

## 3.

" ' You, with your looks and handsome air,  
" ' To think of Vaughan ! You fool ! You kn  
" ' You might, with ordinary care,  
" ' Ev'n yet, be Lady Harrico.



- “ ‘ You’re sure he’ll do great things some day !  
“ ‘ Nonsense, he wont ; he’s dress’d too well.  
“ ‘ Dines with the Sterling Club, they say ;  
“ ‘ Not commonly respectable !  
“ ‘ Half Puritan, half Cavalier !  
“ ‘ His curly hair I think’s a wig ;  
“ ‘ And, for his fortune, why, my Dear,  
“ ‘ It’s not enough to keep a gig.  
“ ‘ Rich Aunts and Uncles never die ;  
“ ‘ And what you bring wont do for dress ;  
“ ‘ And so you’ll live on ‘ Bye-and-bye,’  
“ ‘ With oaten-cake and water-cress !’

## 4.

- “ I wonder Aunt Maude did not see  
“ How much she help’d you by dispraise !  
“ I told her you had bought for me  
“ A carriage and a pair of bays—”

## 5.

- But here she was, and, with a frown,  
“ Oh, you’re here, Mr. What’s-your name.”

“Vaughan, Madam;” and I took her down  
To dinner ; talk’d ; opined the same,  
Or made the difference smooth. We thought  
The Pritchard quarrel vilely patch’d.  
She knew the Ministers were bought;  
And call’d them each a knave unmatch’d.  
I loathed the “ Revolution Bill,”  
No Pitts or Burkes had been since then !  
Ah, rising now was work up-hill ;  
Our’s were hard times for gentlemen !  
She sainted Philpotts ; scorn’d the Whigs ;  
I almost wish’d the Bourbons back,  
And spurn’d Young Englanders for prigs ;  
Then she, with unexpected tack,  
“ My niece has told you every word  
“ I said of you ! What may I mean ?  
“ Of course she has ! but you’ve not heard  
“ How I abused you to the Dean ;—  
“ Yes, I’ll take wine ;—he’s mad, like her ;  
“ And she *will* have you : there it ends !  
“ And, now I’ve done my duty, Sir,  
“ And you’ve shown common-sense, we’re friends !”

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## 6.

‘ Go, Dear, and see him out yourself,”  
The Dean said, after tea, “and shew  
‘ The place upon that upper shelf  
“ Where Tasso stands, lent long ago,”

## 7.

“ Sweet, give me something to be press’d  
“ Against my heart, from you away.”  
“ You’ve spoilt my flowers!” and, from her breast,  
She gave me half of my bouquet.  
“ Ah, Dearest, it is hard to part !  
“ You’re mine, and most unjust it seems.”  
“ These ‘ Good-nights’, Felix, break my heart !  
“ But now you must go !” “ Happy dreams !”  
“ You’ll come to-morrow ?” “ Yes Love.”  
“ How  
“ Fresh the night air is ! What a sky !  
“ Stay ; where’s your Tasso ? Leave it now !  
“ I’m coming, Aunt !—Good-bye !” “ Good-bye.”

With love's bright arrows from her eyes,

And balm on her permissive lips,

She pass'd, and night was a surprise,

As when the sun at Quito dips.

"Who for a year is sure of fate!"

I thought, dishearten'd, as I went,

Wroth with the Dean, who bade me wait,

And vex'd with her, who seem'd content.

"Or even if neither of us die,

"O tyranny, thus to deduct

"From this fair land, whose lord am I,

"A year of the sweet usufruct!"

It could not and it should not be.

I'd go back now, and he must own,

At once, my right's compulsive plea.

I turn'd, I found the Dean alone.

"Nonsense, my friend; go back to bed!

"It's half-past twelve!" "July, then, Sir!"

"Well, come to-morrow," at last he said,

"And you may talk of it with her."

# CANTO III.

## The County Hall.

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### PRELUDES.

#### I.

Love Ceremonious.

KEEP your undrest, familiar style  
 For strangers, but respect your friend,  
 Her most, whose matrimonial smile  
 Is and asks honour without end.  
 'Tis found, and needs it must so be,  
 That life from love's allegiance flags,  
 When love forgets his majesty  
 In sloth's unceremonious raga.  
 Let love make home a gracious Court ;  
 There let the world's rude, hasty ways

Be fashion'd to a loftier port,  
And learn to bow and stand at gaze ;  
And let the sweet, respective sphere  
Of personal worship there obtain  
Circumference for moving clear,  
None treading on another's train.  
This makes that pleasures do not cloy,  
And dignifies our mortal strife  
With calmness and considerate joy,  
Befitting our immortal life.

## II.

## The Rainbow.

A STATELY rainbow came and stood,  
When I was young, in High-Hurst Park ;  
Its bright feet lit the hill and wood  
Beyond, and cloud and sward were dark ;  
And I, who thought the splendour ours  
Because the place was, t'wards it flew,  
And there, amidst the glittering showers,  
Gazed vainly for the glorious view.  
With whatsoever's lovely, know  
It is not ours ; stand off to see ;  
Or beauty's apparition so  
Puts on invisibility.



## III.

A Paradox.

To tryst Love blindfold goes, for fear  
He should not see, and eyeless night  
He chooses still for breathing near  
Beauty, that lives but in the sight.

## THE COUNTY BALL.

## I.

WELL, Heaven be thank'd my first-love fail'd,  
As, Heaven be thank'd, our first-loves do!  
Thought I, when Fanny past me sail'd,  
Loved once, for what I never knew,  
Unless for colouring in her talk,  
When cheeks and merry mouth would show  
Three roses on a single stalk,  
The middle wanting room to blow,  
And forward ways that charm'd the boy,  
Whose love-sick mind, misreading fate,  
Scarce hoped that any Queen of Joy  
Could ever stoop to be his mate.

## 2.

But there danced she, who from the leaven  
Of ill preserved my heart and wit

All unawares, for she was heaven,  
Others at best but fit for it.  
One of these lovely things she was  
In whose least action there can be  
Nothing so transient but it has  
An air of immortality.  
I mark'd her step, with peace elate,  
Her brow more beautiful than morn,  
Her sometime look of girlish state  
Which sweetly waived its right to scorn ;  
The giddy crowd, she grave the while,  
Although, as 'twere beyond her will,  
Around her mouth the baby smile  
That she was born with linger'd still.  
Her ball-dress seem'd a breathing mist,  
From the fair form exhaled and shed,  
Raised in the dance with arm and wrist  
All warmth and light, unbraceleted.  
Her motion, feeling 'twas beloved,  
The pensive soul of tune express'd,

And, oh, what perfume, as she moved,  
    Came from the flowers in her breast !  
How sweet a tongue the music had !  
    " Beautiful Girl," it seem'd to say,  
" Though all the world were vile and sad,  
    " Dance on ; let innocence be gay."  
Ah, none but I discern'd her looks,  
    When in the throng she pass'd me by,  
For love is like a ghost, and brooks  
    Only the chosen seer's eye ;  
And who but she could once divine  
    The halo and the happy trance,  
When now her arm repos'd on mine,  
    In all the pauses of the dance !  
If either for all else but one  
    Was blinder than the mole that delves,  
Dark-lanterns for all else, we shone  
    But to each other and ourselves.

## 3.

Whilst so her beauty fed my sight,  
And whilst I lived in what she said,  
Accordant airs, like all delight  
More sweet when noted least, were play'd;  
And was it like the Pharisee  
If I in secret bow'd my face  
With joyful thanks that I should be,  
Not as were many, but with grace,  
And fortune of well-nurtured youth,  
And days no sordid pains defile,  
And thoughts accustom'd to the truth,  
Made capable of her fair smile?

## 4.

Charles Barton left, for all my care,  
With me, to talk about the Ball,  
And laugh at all the people there.  
The Churchills chiefly stirr'd his gall :  
“ My smart things, Vaughan you know, amuse  
“ The girls ; but they're not like the rest ;



"They make one mind one's p's and q's,

"And smile at me, and not my jest.

"Give me your brisk and light-built Blondes !

"That tall one's like as like can be

"To those slow Kriemhilds and Isondes

"You storm'd about at Trinity.

"What priggish tastes you had when young !

"*Mulier formosa*, Vaughan you know :

"And, when one sees these charmers long,

"By Jove we find the fins will show !" —

Did he not waltz with Fanny Fry?—

"Ah, there's a trump, now ; worth a pack

"Of stupid Kriemhilds. I'd give cry,

"But that they say you hunt that track."

"They err ! Good-night ! Here lies my course,

"Through Wilton." Silence blest mine ears,


And, weak at heart with vague remorse,

A passing poignancy of tears

Attack'd mine eyes. By pale and park

I rode, and ever seem'd to see,

In the transparent, starry dark,  
That splendid brow of chastity,  
That soft and yet subduing light,  
At which, as at the sudden moon,  
I held my breath, and thought "how bright!"  
That guileless beauty in its noon,  
Compelling tribute of desires  
Ardent as day when Sirius reigns,  
Pure as the permeating fires  
That smoulder in the opal's veins.



## CANTO IV.

*The Regatta.*

## PRELUDES.

## I.

*The Nurseling of Civility.*

Lo, how the woman once was woo'd :

Forth leapt the savage from his lair,  
And fell'd her, and to nuptials rude

He dragg'd her, bleeding, by the hair.  
From that to Chloe's dainty wiles

And Portia's dignified consent,  
What distance ! But these Pagan styles

How far below Time's fair intent !  
Siegfried sued Kriemhild. Sweeter life  
Could Love's self covet ? Ballads teach



In what rough sort he chid his wife  
For want of curb upon her speech.  
Shall Love, where last I leave him, halt ?  
Nay ; none can fancy or foresee  
To how strange bliss may time exalt  
This nurseling of civility.

## II.

Love and Honour.

WHAT man with baseness so content,  
Or sick with false conceit of right,  
As not to know that the element  
And inmost warmth of love's delight  
Is honour? Who'd not rather kiss  
A duchess than a milkmaid, prank  
The two in equal grace, which is  
Precedent Nature's obvious rank?  
Hence, when I see the maid that's fair  
With heavenly graces, chaste and good,  
No lower honours, I declare,  
Promote so passionate a mood.  
Those lesser vaunts are dimm'd or lost  
Which plume her name or paint her lip,  
Extinct in the far brighter boast  
Of her angelic fellowship.

## III.

Valour misdirected.

"I'LL hunt for dangers North and South,  
"To prove my love, which sloth maligns!"  
What seems to say her rosy mouth?  
"I'm not convinced by proofs but signs."

## THE REGATTA.

## I.

WHAT should I do? In such a wife  
 Fortune had lavish'd all her store,  
 And nothing now seem'd left for life  
 But to deserve her more and more.  
 To this I vow'd my life's whole scope;  
 And Love said, "I forewarn you now,  
 "The maiden will fulfil your hope  
 "Only as you fulfil your vow."

## 2.

A promised service, (task for days,)
 Was done this morning while she slept,  
 With that full heart which thinks no praise  
 Of vows which are not more than kept;

But loftier work did love impose,  
And studious hours. Alas, for these,  
While she from all my thoughts arose  
Like Venus from the restless seas !


## 3.

I conn'd a scheme, with mind elate:  
My Uncle's land would fall to me,  
My skill was much in school debate,  
My friends were strong in Salisbury;  
A place in Parliament once gain'd,  
Thro' saps first labour'd out of sight,  
Far loftier peaks were then attain'd  
With easy leaps from height to height;  
And that o'erwhelming honour paid,  
Or recognised, at least, in life,  
Which this most sweet and noble maid  
Should yield to him who call'd her Wife.

## 4.

I fix'd this rule : in Sarum Close  
To make two visits every week,  
The first, to-day, and, save on those,  
I nought would do, think, read, or speak,  
Which did not help my settled will  
To earn the Statesman's proud applause.  
And now, forthwith, to mend my skill  
In ethics, politics, and laws,  
The Statesman's learning! Flush'd with power  
And pride of freshly-form'd resolve,  
I read Helvetius half-an-hour ;  
But, halting in attempts to solve  
Why, more than all things else that be,  
A lady's grace hath force to move  
That sensitive appetency  
Of intellectual good, call'd love,  
Took Blackstone down, only to draw  
My swift-deriving thoughts ere long

To love, which is the source of law,  
And, like a king, can do no wrong.  
I open'd Hyde, where loyal hearts,  
With faith unpropp'd by precedent,  
Began to play rebellious parts.  
O, mighty stir that little meant!  
How dull the crude plough'd-fields of fact.  
To me who trod the Elysian grove!  
How idle all heroic act  
By the least suffering of love!  
I could not read: so took my pen,  
And thus commenced, in form of notes,  
A Lecture for the Salisbury men,  
With due regard to Tory votes:  
"A road's a road, though worn to ruts:  
"They speed who travel straight therein;  
"But he who tacks and tries short cuts  
"Gets fools' praise and a broken shin"—  
And here I stopp'd in sheer despair:  
But, what to-day was thus begun,



I vow'd, up starting from my chair,  
To-morrow should indeed be done;  
So loosed my chafing thoughts from school,  
To play with fancy as they chose,  
And then, according to my rule,  
I dress'd, and went to Sarum Close.

## 5.

Ah, how she laugh'd! Diviner sense  
Did Nature, forming her, inspire  
To omit the grosser elements  
And make her all of air and fire!

## 6.

To-morrow, Cowes' Regatta fell :  
The Dean would like his girls to go,  
If I went too. "Most gladly." Well,  
'Twas folly to make such a vow !  
Unless Love's toil has love for prize,  
(And then he's Hercules), above



All other contrarieties

Is labour contrary to love.

No fault of Love's, but nature's laws.

And Love, in idleness, lies quick ;

For as the worm whose powers make pause,

And swoon, through alteration sick,

The soul, its wingless state dissolved,

Awaits its nuptial life complete,

All indolently self-convolved,

Cocoon'd in silken fancies sweet.

## CANTO V.

*The Queen's Room.*

## PRELUDES.

## I.

Rejected.

"PERHAPS she's dancing somewhere now!"

The thoughts of light and music wake  
 Sharp jealousies, that grow and grow  
 Till silence and the darkness ache.

He sees her step, so proud and gay,  
 Which, ere he spake, foretold despair;  
 Thus did she look, on such a day,  
 And such the fashion of her hair;  
 And thus she stood, when, stooping low,  
 He took the bramble from her dress;

And thus she laugh'd and talk'd, whose "No"

Was sweeter than another's "Yes,"

He feeds on thoughts that most deject;

He impudently feigns her charms,

So revered in his own respect,

Dreadfully clasp'd by other arms ;

And turns, and puts his brows, that ache,

Against the pillow where it's cold.

If only now his heart would break !

But, oh, how much a heart can hold.

## II.

Rachel.

You loved her, and would lie all night

Thinking how beautiful she was,

And what to do for her delight.

Now both are bound with alien laws !

Be patient ; put your heart to school ;

Weep if you will, but not despair ;

The trust that nought goes wrong by rule

Should ease the load the many bear.

Love, if there's heav'n, shall meet his dues,

Though here unmatch'd, or match'd amiss ;

Meanwhile, the gentle cannot choose

But learn to love the lips they kiss.

Ne'er hurt the homely sister's ears

With Rachel's beauties ; secret be

The lofty mind whose lonely tears

Protest against mortality.

## III.

## Love in Tears.

If fate Love's dear ambition mar,  
And load his breast with hopeless pain,  
And seem to blot out sun and star,  
Love, lost or won, is countless gain :  
His sorrow boasts a secret bliss  
Which sorrow of itself beguiles,  
And Love in tears too noble is  
For pity, save of Love in smiles.  
But looking backward through his tears,  
With vision of maturer scope,  
How often one dead joy appears  
The platform of some better hope !  
And, let us own, the sharpest smart  
Which human patience may endure  
Pays light for that which leaves the heart  
More generous, dignified, and pure.


## THE QUEEN'S ROOM.

## I.

THERE's nothing happier than the days  
In which young Love makes every thought  
Pure as a bride's blush, when she says  
"I will" unto she knows not what ;  
And lovers, on the love-lit globe,  
For love's sweet sake, walk yet aloof,  
And hear Time weave the marriage-robe,  
Attraction warp and reverence woof!

## 2.

My Housekeeper, my Nurse of yore,  
Cried, as the latest carriage went,  
"Well, Mr. Felix, Sir, I'm sure  
"The morning's gone off excellent !  
"I never saw the show to pass  
"The ladies, in their fine fresh gowns,

- " So sweetly dancing on the grass,  
    " To music with its ups and downs.  
" We'd such work, Sir, to clean the plate ;  
    " 'Twas just the busy times of old  
" The Queen's Room, Sir, look'd quite like state.  
    " Miss Smythe, when she went up, made bold  
" To peep into the Rose Boudoir,  
    " And cried, ' How charming ! all quite new ;'  
" And wonder'd who it could be for.  
    " All but Miss Honor look'd in too.  
" But she's too proud to peep and pry.  
    " None's like that sweet Miss Honor, Sir !  
" Excuse my humbleness, but I  
    " Pray Heav'n you'll get a wife like her !  
" All poor folks love Miss Honor's ways  
    " Better than money. Mrs. Rouse,  
" Who ought to know a lady, says  
    " No finer goes to Wilton House.  
" Miss Bagshaw thought that dreary room  
    " Had kill'd old Mrs. Vaughan with fright ;
- 

- "She would not sleep in such a tomb  
"For all her host was worth a night !  
"Miss Fry, Sir, laugh'd : they talk'd the rest  
"In French ; and French Sir's Greek to me.  
"But, though they smiled, and seem'd to jest,  
"No love was lost, for I could see  
"How serious-like Miss Honor was"—  
"Well, Nurse, this is not my affair.  
"The ladies talk'd in French with cause.  
"Good-day ; and thank you for your prayer."

## 3.

I loiter'd through the vacant house,  
Soon to be hers ; in one room stay'd,  
Of old my mother's. Here my vows  
Of endless thanks were oftenest paid.  
This room its first condition kept ;  
For, on the road to Sarum Town,  
Therein an English Queen had slept,  
Before the Hurst was half pull'd down.



The pictured walls the place became :

Here ran the Brook Anaurus, where  
Stout Jason bore the wrinkled dame

Whom serving changed to Juno ; there,  
Ixion's selfish hope, instead

Of the nuptial goddess, clasp'd a cloud ;  
And, here, translated Psyche fed  
Her gaze on Love, not disallow'd.

## 4.

And in this chamber had she been,  
And into that she would not look,  
My Joy, my Vanity, my Queen,

At whose dear name my pulses shook !  
Ah, Reader, might thy thoughts, like bees,  
O'erswarm this plot of honey'd flowers,  
Which I, with pains more sweet than ease,  
Transplanted have from nature's bowers,

And taste its various pleasures, all  
In one thrice quintessential line,  
Thou might'st, if thou hast loved, recall  
What peace and ardour then were mine,  
And how more sweet that aught below,  
The day and all its duties done,  
It felt to fold the hands, and so  
Relinquish all regards but one ;  
To see her features in the dark,  
To lie and meditate once more  
The grace I did not fully mark,  
The tone I had not heard before ;  
And from my pillow then to take  
Her notes, her picture, and her glove,  
Put there for joy when I should wake,  
And press them to the heart of love ;  
And then to whisper " Wife ! " and pray  
To live so long as not to miss  
That unimaginable day  
Which farther seems the nearer 'tis ;

- And still from joy's unfathom'd well  
    To drink, in dreams, while on her brows
- Of innocence ineffable
- Blossom'd the laughing bridal rose.

## CANTO VI.

*The Love-Letters.*

## PRELUDES.

## I.

Love's Perversity.

How strange a thing a lover seems

To animals that do not love !

Look where he walks and talks in dreams,

And flouts us with his Lady's glove ;

How foreign is the garb he wears ;

And how his great devotion mocks

Our poor propriety, and scares

The undevout with paradox !

His soul, through scorn of worldly care,

And great extremes of sweet and gall,

And musing much on all that's fair,  
Grows witty and fantastical ;  
He sobs his joy and sings his grief,  
And evermore finds such delight  
In simply picturing his relief,  
That 'plaining seems to cure his plight ;  
He makes his sorrow, when there's none ;  
His fancy blows both cold and hot ;  
Next to the wish that she'll be won,  
His first hope is that she may not ;  
He sues, yet deprecates consent ;  
Would she be captured she must fly ;  
She looks too happy and content,  
For whose least pleasure he would die ;  
Oh, cruelty, she cannot care  
For one to whom she's always kind !  
He says he's naught, but, oh, despair,  
If he's not Jove to her fond mind !  
He's jealous if she pets a dove,  
She must be his with all her soul ;

Yet 'tis a postulate in love  
That part is greater than the whole,  
And all his apprehension's stress,  
When he's with her, regards her hair,  
Her hand, a ribbon of her dress,  
As if his life were only there ;  
Because she's constant, he will change,  
And kindest glances coldly meet,  
And, all the time he seems so strange,  
His soul is fawning at her feet ;  
Of smiles and simple heaven grown tired,  
He wickedly provokes her tears,  
And when she weeps, as he desired,  
Falls slain with ecstasies of fears ;  
He blames her, though she has no fault,  
Except the folly to be his ;  
He worships her, the more to exalt  
The profanation of a kiss ;  
Health's his disease ; he's never well  
But when his paleness shames her rose ;

His faith's a rock-built citadel,

Its sign a flag that each way blows ;

His o'erfed fancy frets and fumes ;

And Love, in him, is fierce like Hate,

And ruffles his ambrosial plumes ,

Against the bars of time and fate.

II.

A Word to the Wise.

RESPECTS with threefold grace endue  
The right to be familiar ; none  
Whose ways forget that they are two  
Perceive the bliss of being one.



# THE LOVE-LETTERS.

## I.

- “ You ask, Will admiration halt,  
“ Should time divulge some hidden note ?  
“ Oh, how I wish I knew that fault,  
“ That I, who do but love, might dote !  
“ You who have stoop'd to my estate  
“ Will I so constantly admire,  
“ Yourself yourself shall emulate,  
“ And be yourself your own desire.  
“ I'll nobly mirror you too fair,  
“ And, when you're false to me your glass,  
“ What's wanting you'll by that repair,  
“ So bring yourself through me to pass.  
“ O Dearest, tell me how to prove  
“ Goodwill which cannot be express'd ;

- "The beneficial heart of love  
    "Is labour in an idle breast.  
"Name in the world your chosen part;  
    " And here I vow, with all the bent  
" And application of my heart  
    " To give myself to your content.  
" Would you live on, home-worshipp'd, thus, .  
    " Not proudly high nor poorly low ?  
" Indeed the lines are fall'n to us  
    " In pleasant places ! Be it so.  
" But would you others heav'nward move,  
    " By sight not faith, while you they admire ?  
" I'll help with zeal, as I approve,  
    " That just and merciful desire.  
" High as the lonely moon to view  
    " I'll lift your light ; do you decree  
" Your place, I'll win it ; for from you  
    " Command inspires capacity.  
" Or, unseen, would you sway the world  
    " More surely ? Then in loftiest rhyme

"I'll raise your emblem, fair unfurl'd  
"With blessing in the breeze of time.  
"Faith removes mountains, much more love;  
"Let your contempt abolish me  
"If aught of your devisal prove  
"Too hard or high to do or be."

## 2.

I ended. "From your Sweet-Heart, Sir,"  
Said Nurse, "The Dean's man brings it down."  
I could have kiss'd both him and her!  
"Nurse, give him that, with half-a-crown."  
How beat my heart, how paused my breath,  
When, with perversely fond delay,  
I broke the seal, that bore a wreath  
Of roses link'd with one of bay.

## 3.

"I found your note. How very kind  
"To leave it there! I cannot tell

---

- “ How happy I am, or how you find  
    “ Words to express your thoughts so well.  
“ The Girls to-night attend the Ball  
    “ At Wilton. If you can, Dear, come :  
“ Or any day this week you call  
    “ You’ll find Papa and me at home.  
“ You said to Mary once—I hope  
    “ You meant it—women *should* be vain :  
“ On Saturday your friend, (her Pope,)  
    “ The Bishop dined with us again.  
“ She put the question, if they ought ?  
    “ He turn’d it cleverly away,  
“ (For giddy Mildred cried, she thought  
    “ We *must*,) with ‘ What we must we may.’  
“ Dear Papa laugh’d, and said ’twas sad  
    “ To think how vain his girls would be,  
“ Above all Mary, now she had  
    “ Episcopal authority.  
“ But I was very dull, dear Friend,  
    “ And went upstairs at last and cried.

"Be sure to come to-day, or send "

"A rose-leaf kiss'd on either side. "

"Adieu! I am not well. Last night "

"My dreams were wild; I often woke, "

"The summer-lightning was so bright ;

"And when it flash'd I thought you spoke." "

## CANTO VII.

## The Rebulsion.

## PRELUDES.

## I.

The Pearl.

SAY, MUSE, who warblest at mine ear . .

That Prothalamium jubilant

Which I, in weakness and in fear,

Repeat, and of its glory scant,

Say, what of those who are not wives,

Nor have them; tell what fate they prove .

Who keep the pearl which happier lives .

Cast in the costly cup of Love?

I answer, (for the sacred Muse

Is dumb,) "Ill chance is not for aye ; .

“ But who with erring preference choose

“ The sad and solitary way,

“ And think peculiar praise to get

“ In heaven, where error is not known,

“ They have the separate coronet

“ They sought, but miss a worthier crown.”

Virgins are they, before the Lord,

Whose hearts are pure. “ The vestal fire

“ Is not” (so runs the Poet’s word),

“ By marriage quench’d, but flames the  
higher.”

## II.

## Joy and Use.

CAN aught compared with wedlock be  
For use? But He who made the heart  
To use proportions joy. What He  
Hath join'd let no man put apart.  
Sweet Order hath its draught of bliss  
Graced with the pearl of God's consent,  
Ten times delightful in that 'tis  
Considerate and innocent.  
In vain Disorder grasps the cup;  
The pleasure's not enjoy'd but spilt,  
And, if he stoops to lick it up,  
It only tastes of earth and guilt.  
His sorry raptures rest destroys;  
To live, like comets, they must roam;  
On settled poles turn solid joys,  
And sunlike pleasures shine at home.



## III.

Heaven and Earth.

How long shall men deny the flower

Because it's roots are in the earth,

And crave with tears from God the dower

They have, and have despised as dearth ;

And scorn as low their human lot,

With frantic pride, too blind to see

That standing on the head makes not

Either for ease or dignity !

But fools shall feel like fools to find,

(Too late inform'd), that angels' mirth

Is one in cause, and mode, and kind

With that which they despised on earth.

IV.

Rods and Kisses.

ALL blessings ask a blessed mood;  
 The garnish here is more than meat;  
 Happy who takes sweet gratitude;  
 Next best, though bitter, is regret.  
 'Tis well if, on the tempest's gloom,  
 You see the covenant of God;  
 But far, far happier he on whom  
 The kiss works better than the rod.

## THE REVULSION.

## I.

'Twas when the spousal time of May  
Hangs all the hedge with bridal wreaths,  
And air's so sweet the bosom gay  
Gives thanks for every breath it breathes,  
When like to like is gladly moved,  
And each thing joins in Spring's refrain,  
" Let those love now, who never loved ;  
" Let those who have loved love again ;"  
That I, in whom the sweet time wrought,  
Lay stretch'd within a lonely glade,  
Abandon'd to delicious thought  
Beneath the softly twinkling shade.  
The leaves, all stirring, mimick'd well  
A neighbouring rush of rivers cold,  
And, as the sun or shadow fell,  
So these were green and those were gold ;

In dim recesses hyacinths droop'd,  
And breadths of primrose cool'd the air,  
Which, wandering through the woodland, stoop'd  
And gather'd perfumes here and there ;  
Upon the spray the squirrel swung,  
And careless songsters, six or seven,  
Sang lofty songs the leaves among,  
Fit for their only listener, Heaven.  
I sigh'd, " Immeasurable bliss  
"Gains nothing by becoming more !  
" Millions have meaning ; after this  
" Cyphers forget the integer."

## 2.

And so I mused, till musing brought  
A dream that shook my house of clay,  
And, in my humbled heart, I thought,  
To me there yet may come a day  
When o'er my head great waters roll,  
And this poor hope is all I have


That faith, though helpless to console,  
May still be strong enough to save ;  
And this the single vestige seen  
Of comfort, earthly or divine,  
This sorrow some day must have been  
Her portion, had it not been mine.  
Then I, who knew, from watching life,  
That blows foreseen are slow to fall,  
Rehearsed the losing of a wife,  
And faced its terrors each and all.  
The self-chastising fancy show'd  
The coffin with its ghastly breath ;  
The innocent sweet face that owed  
None of its innocence to death ;  
The lips that used to laugh ; the knell  
That bade the world beware of mirth ;  
The heartless and intolerable  
Indignity of "earth to earth ;"  
At morn remembering by degrees  
That she I dream'd about was dead ;

Love's still recurrent jubilees,  
The days that she was born, won, wed ;  
The duties of my life the same,  
Their meaning for the feelings gone ;  
Friendship impertinent, and fame  
Disgusting ; and, more harrowing none,  
Small household troubles fall'n to me,  
As, "What time would I dine to day ?"  
And, oh, how could I bear to see  
Her noisy children at their play.  
Besides, were all things limp and halt,  
Could I go straight, should I alone  
Have kept my love without default  
Pitch'd at the true and heavenly tone ?  
The festal-day might come to mind  
That miss'd the gift which more endears ;  
The hour which might have been more kind,  
And now less fertile in vain tears ;  
The good of common intercourse,  
For daintier graces then despised,

Now with what passionate remorse,  
What poignancy of hunger prized !  
The little wrong, now greatly rued,  
Which no repentance now could right ;  
And love, in disbelieving mood,  
Deserting his celestial height ;  
And then to know God's love sent grief  
To make me less the world's, and more  
Meek-hearted; ah, what sick relief !  
Why bow'd I not my heart before ?

## 3.

" O, Heaven," I cried, with chill alarm,  
" If this fantastic horror shows  
" The feature of an actual harm !"  
And, coming straight to Sarum Close,  
As one who dreams his wife is dead,  
And cannot in his slumber weep,



And moans upon his wretched bed,  
And wakes, and finds her there asleep,  
And laughs and sighs, so I, not less  
Relieved, beheld, with blissful start,  
The light and happy loveliness  
Which lay so heavy on my heart.





## CANTO VIII.

## The Nob-i-Nobr.

## PRELUDES.

## I.

The Mistress.

IF he's capricious she'll be so,  
 But, if his duties constant are,  
 She lets her loving favour glow  
 As steady as a tropic star.  
 ("Speak not," cries Love, "where veils are due!"  
 I answer, "Fear no harm from this ;  
 "Women will vow I say not true,  
 "And men believe the lips they kiss !")  
 Appears there nought for which to weep,  
 She'll weep for nought, for his dear sake ;

She clasps her sister in her sleep ;  
Her love in dreams is most awake.  
Her soul, that once with pleasure shook,  
Did any eyes her beauty own,  
Now wonders how they dare to look  
On what belongs to him alone ;  
The indignity of taking gifts  
Exhilarates her loving breast ;  
A rapture of submission lifts  
Her life into celestial rest ;  
There's nothing left of what she was,  
Back to the babe the woman dies,  
And all the wisdom that she has  
Is to love him for being wise.  
She's confident because she fears ;  
And, though discreet when he's away,  
If none but her dear despot hears,  
She'll prattle like a child at play.  
Perchance, when all her praise is said,  
He tells the news, a battle won,

On either side ten thousand dead.

“ Alas !” she says ; but, if ’twere known,  
She thinks, “ He’s looking on my face !

“ I am his joy ; whate’er I do,  
“ He sees such time-contenting grace  
“ In that, he’d have me always so !”

And, evermore, for either’s sake,  
To the sweet folly of the dove,  
She joins the cunning of the snake,

To rivet and exalt his love ;  
Her mode of candour is deceit ;

And what she thinks from what she’ll say,  
(Although I never call her cheat),  
Lies far as Scotland from Cathay.

Without his knowledge he was won ;  
Against his nature kept devout ;  
She’ll never tell him how ’twas done,  
And he will never find it out.

If, sudden, he suspects her wiles,  
And hears her forging chain and trap,

And looks, she sits in simple smiles,

Her two hands lying in her lap.

Her secret, (privilege of the Bard,

Whose fancy is of either sex),

Is mine; but let the darkness guard

Myst'ries that light would more perplex.

## II.

Love Thinking.

WHAT lifts her in my thought so far  
Beyond all else? Let Love not err!  
'Tis that which all right women are,  
But which I'll know in none but her.  
She is to me the only Ark  
Of that high mystery which locks  
The lips of joy, or speaks in dark  
Enigmas and in paradox;  
That potent charm, which none can fly,  
Nor would, which makes me bond and free,  
Nor can I tell if first 'twas I  
Chose it or it elected me;  
Which, when I look intentest, lo,  
Cheats most mine eyes, albeit my heart,  
Content to feel and not to know,  
Perceives it all in every part;

I kiss its cheek ; its life divine  
Exhales from its resplendent shroud ;  
Ixion's fate reversed is mine,  
Authentic Juno seems a cloud ;  
I feel a blessed warmth, I see  
A bright circumference of rays,  
But darkness, where the sun should be,  
Fills admiration with amaze ;  
And when, for joy's relief, I think  
To fathom with the line of thought  
The well from which I, blissful, drink,  
The spring's so deep I come to nought.

III.

The Kiss.

"I saw you take his kiss!" "'Tis true."

"O, modesty!" "'Twas strictly kept:

"He thought me asleep ; at least, I knew

"He thought I thought he thought I slept."



## THE KOH-I-NOHR.

## I.

“ Be man’s hard virtues highly wrought,  
“ But let my gentle Mistress be,  
“ In every look, word, deed, and thought,  
“ Nothing so much as womanly !  
“ Her virtues please my virtuous mood,  
“ But what at all times I admire  
“ Is, not that she is wise or good,  
“ But just the thing which I desire.  
“ With versatility to bring,  
“ Her mental tone to any strain,  
“ If oft’nest she is anything,  
“ Be it thoughtless, talkative, and vain.  
“ That seems in her supremest grace  
“ Which, virtue or not, apprises me  
“ That my familiar thoughts embrace  
“ Unfathomable mystery.”

## 2.

I answer'd thus ; for she desired  
To know what mind I most approved  
Partly to learn what she inquired,  
Partly to get the praise she loved.

## 3.

I praised her, but no praise could fill  
The depths of her desire to please,  
Though dull to others as a Will  
To them that have no legacies.  
The more I praised the more she shone,  
Her eyes incredulously bright,  
And all her happy beauty blown  
Beneath the beams of my delight.  
Sweet rivalry was thus begot ;  
By turns, my speech, in passion's style,  
With flatteries the truth o'ershot,  
And she surpass'd them with her smile.

## 4

“ You have my heart so sweetly seized,  
“ And I confess, nay, 'tis my pride  
“ That I'm with you so solely pleased,  
“ That, if I'm pleased with aught beside,  
“ As music, or the month of June,  
“ My friend's devotion, or his wit,  
“ A rose, a rainbow, or the moon,  
“ It is that you illustrate it.  
“ All these are parts where you're the whole !  
“ You fit the taste for Paradise,  
“ To which your charms draw up the soul  
“ As turning spirals draw the eyes.  
“ Nature to you was more than kind ;  
“ 'Twas fond perversity to dress  
“ So much simplicity of mind  
“ In such a pomp of loveliness !  
“ But, praising you, the fancy deft  
“ Flies wide and lets the quarry stray,  
“ And when all's said, there's something left,  
“ And that's the thing I meant to say.”

- "Dear Felix!" "Dearest Honor!" There  
Was Aunt Maude's noisy knock and ring!  
"Stay, Felix; you have caught my hair.  
"Thanks. Is it smooth? Now will you bring  
"My work? Good-morning, Aunt!" "Why, Puss,  
"You look magnificent to-day."  
"Here's Felix, Aunt." "Fox and green goose!  
"Who handsome gets should handsome pay."  
"You're friends, dear Aunt!" "O, to be sure!  
"Good morning! Go on flattering, Sir;  
"A woman's like the Koh-i-nohr,  
"Worth just the price that's put on her."

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

## CANTO IX.

*The Friends.*

## PRELUDES.

## I.

*The Gracious Chivalry.*

I DO and ever shall profess  
     That I more tenderly revere  
 A woman in her gentleness  
     Than all things else I love or fear ;  
 But false to love and ladies he  
     Who, scarf on arm and spear in rest,  
 Assail'd the world with proof that she,  
     Being his, was also nature's best.  
 That chivalry do I proclaim  
     Alone substantial, wise, and good,

Which scorns to help one woman's fame  
With treason 'gainst all womanhood.  
Each maid, albeit to me my own  
Appears and is past others rare,  
Where aptness makes her beauty known  
May seem as singularly fair ;  
And each is justly most desired ;  
And no true Knight will care to prove  
That there is more of what's admired  
In his than in another's love.

## II.

The Harem.

WHENEVER I come where women are,  
How sad so'er I was before,  
Though like a ship frost-bound and far  
Withheld in ice from the ocean's roar,  
Third-winter'd in that dreadful dock,  
With stiffen'd cordage, sails decay'd,  
And crew that care for calm and shock  
Alike, too dull to be dismay'd ;  
Yet if I come where women are,  
How sad soever I was before,  
Then is my sadness banish'd far,  
And I am like that ship no more ;  
Or like that ship if the ice-field splits,  
Burst by the sudden polar Spring,  
And all thank God with their warming wits,  
And kiss each other and dance and sing,



And hoist fresh sails, that make the breeze  
Blow them along the liquid sea,  
Out of the North where life did freeze,  
Into the haven where they would be.

## III.

Love Liberal.

THOUGH bonded unto one, my best,  
My faith to whom is joy and ease,  
Shall I despise or shun the rest  
Of nature's queens and priestesses ?  
Rather by loving one I learn  
To love her like, who still recall  
My nuptial pale, and teach in turn  
That faith to one is debt to all ;  
For I'm not of so dull a wit  
As not to know that what I admire  
And the sweet joy of loving it  
Would both be slain by false desire ;  
Therefore, though singly her's till death,  
(And after, I hope,) with all I'm free,  
Inhaling love's delighted breath  
In the bright air of chastity.

## IV.

Disappointment.

“THE bliss, which woman’s charms bespeak,

I’ve sought in many, found in none !”

“In many ’tis in vain you seek

What only can be found in one.”

## THE FRIENDS.

## I.

FRANK'S long, dull letter, lying by  
     The gay blue sash from Honor's waist,  
 Reproach'd me ; passion spared a sigh  
     For friendship wantonly disgraced.  
 How should I greet him ? how pretend  
     I felt the love he once inspired ?  
 Time was when either, in his friend,  
     His own deserts with joy admired ;  
 We took one side in school-debate,  
     Like hopes pursued with equal thirst,  
 Were even-bracketed by Fate,  
     Twin-Wranglers, seventh from the First ;  
 And either loved a lady's laugh  
     More than all music ; he and I  
 Were perfect in the pleasant half  
     Of universal charity.

## 2.

From pride of likeness thus I loved  
Him and he me, till love begot  
The lowliness which now approved  
Nothing but that which I was not.  
Blest was the pride of feeling so  
Subjected to a girl's soft reign !  
She was my vanity, and, oh,  
All other vanities how vain !

## 3.

Frank follow'd in his letter's track,  
And set my guilty heart at ease  
By paying my excuses back  
With just the same apologies.  
So he'd neglected me as well !  
Like fortune also paved the way  
For what I sought excuse to tell.  
He dined at Wilton yesterday,  
And met Honoria Churchill there ;  
Save one, no lovelier girl he'd seen !

“ You said the Wiltshire girls were fair,  
“ But never mention’d her, their queen.”  
How sweet to hear him praise her charms !  
For love, like faith, however sure,  
With slightest confirmation warms,  
And feels its great assurance more.  
“ Have you not heard then ? She and I,  
“ Grant Heav’n we both may live so long,  
“ Are to be married next July.  
“ Is she not lovely ! I did wrong  
“ Never to tell you, but—” Then he,  
Shewing a miniature, turn’d red.  
“ Charming !” I cried ; and Frank, “ You’ll be  
“ My Groom’s-man, Vaughan ? In June we wed.”

## 4.

Each, rapturous, praised his lady’s worth ;  
He eloquently thus : “ Her face  
“ Is the summ’d sweetness of the earth,  
“ Her soul the glass of heaven’s grace,

- “To which she leads me by the hand ;  
“ Or, briefly all the truth to say  
“To you, who briefly understand,  
“ She is both heaven and the way.  
“ She charms with manners pure and high,  
“ The fruit of an ancestral tree,  
“ And a devout life, govern’d by  
“ The rubric of civility ;  
“ Displeasures and resentments pass  
“ Athwart her charitable eyes  
“ More fleetingly than breath from glass,  
“ Or truth from foolish memories ;  
“ Her heart’s so touch’d with other’s woes  
“ She has no need of chastisement ;  
“ Her order’d life’s conditions close,  
“ Like God’s commandments, with content,  
“ And make an aspect calm and gay,  
“ Where sweet affections come and go,  
“ Till all who see her, smile, and say,  
“ How fair and happy that she’s so !

"She is so lovely, true, and pure,  
    " Her virtue all virtue so endears,  
" That often, when I think of her,  
    " Life's meanness fills mine eyes with tears"—  
" You paint Miss Churchill ! Pray go on"—  
    " She's perfect, and, if joy was much  
" To think her nature's paragon,  
    " 'Tis more that there's another such !"

## 5.

Praising and paying back the praise  
    Of our sweet girls, t'ward Sarum Spire  
We walk'd in evening's golden haze,  
    Friendship from passion stealing fire.  
In joy's crown danced the feather jest,  
    And, parting by the Deanery door,  
Clasp'd hands, less shy than words, confess'd  
    We had not been true friends before.





## CANTO X.

*The Epitaph.*

## PRELUDES.

## I.

Frost in Harvest.

THE lover who, across a gulf  
     Of ceremony, views his Love,  
 And dares not yet address herself,  
     Pays worship to her stolen glove.  
 The gulf o'erleapt, the lover wed,  
     It happens oft, (let truth be told,)  
 The halo leaves the sacred head,  
     Respect grows lax, and worship cold,  
 And all love's May-day promising,  
     Like song of birds before they pair,

Or flush of flowers in boastful Spring,  
Dies out, and leaves the Summer bare.  
Yet should a man, it seems to me,  
Honour what honourable is,  
For some more honourable plea  
Than only that it is not his.  
The gentle wife, who decks his board  
And makes his day to have no night,  
Whose wishes wait upon her lord,  
Who finds her own in his delight,  
Is she another now than she  
Who, mistress of her maiden charms,  
At his wild prayer, incredibly  
Committed them to his proud arms ?  
Unless her choice of him's a slur  
Which makes her proper credit dim,  
He never enough can honour her  
Who past all speech has honour'd him.

## II.

A Demonstration.

NATURE, with endless being rife,  
Parts each thing into "him" and "her,"  
And, in the arithmetic of life,  
The smallest unit is a pair ;  
And thus, oh, strange, sweet half of me,  
If I confess a loftier flame,  
If more I love high Heaven than thee,  
I more than love thee, thee I am ;  
And, if the world's not built of lies,  
Nor all a cheat the Gospel tells,  
If that which from the dead shall rise  
Be I indeed, not something else,  
There's no position more secure  
In reason or in faith than this,  
That those conditions must endure,  
Which, wanting, I myself should miss.

O, lovely me, my own desire,  
Whom without selfishness I serve,  
And without vanity admire,  
In death this thought my heart will nerve!

## III.

Felicity.

To marry her and take her home!  
The poet who his vision tells  
Describing greatness, speaks of Rome,  
And each thing shows by something else;  
But through the songs of poets look,  
And who so happy to have found  
In universal nature's book  
A likeness for a life so crown'd!  
Here they speak best who best express  
Their inability to speak,  
And none are strong, but who confess  
With happy skill that they are weak.

## IV.

The Churl.

THIS marks the churl: when spousals crown  
His selfish hope, he finds the grace,  
(Which sweet love has for even the clown),  
Was not in the woman, but the chace.

# THE EPITAPH.

## I.

“ At Church, in twelve hours more, we meet!

“ This, Dearest, is our last farewell.”

“ Oh, Felix, do you love me ?” “ Sweet,

“ Why do you ask ?” “ I cannot tell.”

## 2.

And was it no vain fantasy

That raised me from the earth with pride ?

Should I to-morrow verily

Be Bridegroom, and Honoria Bride ?

Should I, in simple fact, henceforth

Live unconditionally lord

Of her whose smile for brightest worth

Seem'd all too bountiful reward ?



Live one with her I worshipp'd, chain'd  
By links indissolubly wrought ?  
Oh, bliss too much for bliss ; it strain'd  
The feelings and oppress'd the thought.  
Incredible life's promise seem'd,  
Or, credible, for life too great ;  
Love his own deity blasphemed,  
And doff'd at last his heavenly state.  
What force, if man could mount so high,  
To further insolence set bars,  
And kept the chaste moon in the sky  
And bade him not tread out the stars !

## 3.

Patience and hope had parted truce,  
And, sun-like, love obscured his ray  
With dazzling mists, driven up profuse  
Before his own triumphant way.  
What, should I thus neglect my pledge  
Still to observe love's lofty mood,

---

As knowing haste is sacrilege

In heaven? Pure peace in vain I sued  
With pray'r; I thought how Jacob paid

The patient price of Rachel; then,  
What reverent grace Tobias said.

To Sarah's innocent "Amen,"  
Without avail! O'erwhelming wealth,  
And the great gift of God so near,  
Which should have been delight and health,  
Made heart and spirit sick and sear.

## 4.

But Heaven, who often grants us nought,  
Till, weary, we have ceased to ask,  
Absolved me now from restless thought,  
And put aside the cloudy mask.

The self-forgetting heart of love,  
That recks not of its own delight,  
Like morning bade the mists remove,  
And so once more I breathed aright.

Rehearsing then my marriage vow,  
I swore her welfare to prefer  
To all things, and for aye as now  
To live, not for myself, but her.  
Forth, from the glittering spirit's peace  
And gaiety ineffable,  
Stream'd to the heart delight and ease,  
As from an overflowing well ;  
And, orderly deriving thence  
Its pleasure perfect and allow'd,  
Bright with the spirit shone the sense,  
As with the sun a fleecy cloud.  
If now to part with her could make  
Her least wish in the least wise less,  
I for my epitaph would take  
" To serve seem'd more than to possess."  
And I perceived, (the vision sweet  
Dimm'd with delightful dew mine eyes),  
That love and joy are torches lit  
From altar-fires of sacrifice.

5.

As up the sky the daylight crept,  
And birds grew garrulous in the grove,  
I, on my marriage-morning, slept  
A soft sleep, undisturb'd by love.



## CANTO XI.

*The Wedding.*

## PRELUDES.

## I.

Platonic Love.

RIGHT art thou who wouldst rather be  
 A doorkeeper in Love's fair house,  
 Than lead the wretched revelry  
 Where fools at swinish troughs carouse.  
 But do not boast of being least ;  
 And if to kiss thy Mistress' skirt  
 Amaze thy brain, scorn not the Priest  
 Whom greater honours do not hurt.  
 Stand off and gaze, if more than this  
 Be more than thou canst understand,

Revering him whose power of bliss,  
    Angelic, dares to seize her hand,  
Or whose seraphic love makes flight  
    To the apprehension of her lips ;  
And think, the sun of such delight  
    From thine own shadow takes eclipse.  
And, wouldst thou to the same aspire,  
    This is the art thou must employ,  
Live rightly ; so shalt thou acquire  
    Unknown capacities of joy.

•

## II.

The Symbol.

As if I chafed the sparks from glass  
And said, "It lightens," hitherto  
The songs I've made of love may pass  
For all but for proportion true ;  
But likeness and proportion both  
Hence fail, as if a child in glee,  
Catching the flakes of the salt froth,  
Cried, "Look, my mother, here's the sea."  
Yet, by the help of what's so weak,  
But not diverse, to those who know,  
And only unto those I speak,  
May far-inferring fancy show  
Love's living sea by coasts uncurb'd,  
It's depth, it's mystery, and it's might,  
It's indignation if disturb'd,  
The glittering peace of it's delight.



## III.

Love of Loves.

“THE man seeks first to please his wife,”  
Declares, but not complains, Saint Paul ;  
And other loves have little life  
Where she's not loved the most of all.  
We cannot weigh or measure love ;  
And this excess, assure you well,  
If sinful, is a sin whereof  
Only the best are capable.

IV.

Constancy rewarded.

I vow'd unvarying faith, and she,  
To whom in full I pay that vow,  
Rewards me with variety  
Which men who change can never know.

## THE WEDDING.

## I.

LIFE smitten with a feverish chill,  
The brain too tired to understand;  
In apathy of heart and will,  
I took the woman from the hand  
Of him who stood for God, and heard  
Of Christ, and of the Church his Bride ;  
The Feast, by presence of the Lord  
And his first Wonder, beautified ;  
The mystic sense to Christian men ;  
The bonds in innocency made,  
And gravely to be enter'd then  
For children, godliness, and aid,  
And honour'd, and kept free from smirch ;  
And how a man must love his wife  
No less than Christ did love his Church,  
If need be, giving her his life ;

And, vowing then the mutual vow,  
The tongue spake, but intention slept.  
Ah, well for us Heaven asks not how  
Such oaths are sworn, but how they're kept !

## 2.

"Now, while she's changing" (said the Dean)  
"Her bridal for her travelling dress,  
"I'll preach allegiance to your queen.  
"Preaching's the trade which I profess ;  
"And one more minute's mine ! You know  
"I've paid my girl a father's debt,  
"And this last charge is all I owe.  
"She's your's ; but I love more than yet  
"You can ; such fondness only wakes.  
"When time has raised the heart above  
"The prejudice of youth, which makes  
"Beauty conditional to love.  
"Prepare to meet the weak alarms  
"Of novel nearness ; recollect

- “The eye which magnifies her charms  
“Is microscopic to defect.  
“Fear comes at first ; but soon, rejoiced,  
“You’ll find your strong and tender loves,  
“Like holy rocks by Druids poised,  
“The least force shakes, but none removes.  
“You smile ! But there’ll seem much to mend,  
“Though never girl, I think, had less.  
“Her worst point is she’s apt to spend  
“Too much on alms-deeds and on dress.  
“Her strength is your esteem ; beware  
“Of finding fault ; her will’s unnerv’d  
“By blame ; from you ’twould be despair ;  
“But praise that is not quite deserv’d  
“Will all her noble nature stir  
“To make your utmost wishes true.  
“Yet think, while thus amending her,  
“Of matching her ideal too !  
“Of perfect nuptial joy the price  
“Is manhood perfectly fulfill’d.

"Spoilt with a palate feebly nice,  
"Or with a palsied holding spill'd,  
"The sweetest cup is lost on Sloth.  
"To keep your mistress in your wife  
"Keep to the very height your oath,  
"And honour her with arduous life.  
"A tender conscience of her vow  
"Her mother had! She's so like her!"—  
But Mrs. Fife, much flurried, now  
Whisper'd, "Miss Honor's ready, Sir."

## 3.

"Adieu, dear, dear Papa, adieu!  
"To-morrow I'll write." "No, Pet,—" "I  
will!  
"You know I'm very happy; and you  
"Have Mary and Mildred with you still!

"Mary, you'll make Papa his tea

"At eight exactly. Au revoir !

"Only six weeks ! How soon 'twill be !"

Then on us two they shut the door.

## 4.

I, disconcerted, tax'd my thought

To keep my Bride in countenance,

But, whilst for words I vainly sought,

Her voice released my own from trance.

"Look, is not this a lovely shawl ?"

"Yes !" "Aunt Maude gave it me." "How kind !"

"The new wing spoils Sir John's old Hall :

"You'll see it, if you pull that blind."

## CANTO XII.

*Husband and Wife.*

## PRELUDES.

## I.

The Married Lover.

WHY, having won her, do I woo ?  
 Because her spirit's vestal grace  
 Provokes me always to pursue,  
 But, spirit-like, eludes embrace ;  
 Because her womanhood is such  
 That, as on court-days subjects kiss  
 The Queen's hand, yet so near a touch  
 Affirms no mean familiarity,  
 Nay, rather marks more fair the height  
 Which can with safety so neglect  
 To dread, as lower ladies might,  
 That grace could meet with disrespect,



Thus she with happy favour feeds  
Allegiance from a love so high  
That thence no false conceit proceeds  
Of difference bridged, or state put by ;  
Because, although in act and word  
As lowly as a wife can be,  
Her manners, when they call me lord,  
Remind me 'tis by courtesy,  
Not with her least consent of will,  
Which would my proud affection hurt,  
But by the noble style that still  
Imputes an unattain'd desert ;  
Because her gay and lofty brows,  
When all is won which hope can ask,  
Reflect a light of hopeless snows  
That bright in virgin ether bask ;  
Because, though free of the outer court  
I am, this Temple keeps its shrine  
Sacred to Heaven ; because, in short,  
She's not and never shall be mine.

## II.

The Amaranth.

FEASTS satiate ; stars distress with height ;  
Friendship means well, but misses reach,  
And wearies in it's best delight,  
Vex'd with the vanities of speech ;  
Too long regarded, roses even  
Afflict the mind with fond unrest ;  
And to converse direct with Heaven  
Is a great labour in the breast ;  
Whate'er the up-looking soul admires,  
Whate'er the senses' banquet be,  
Fatigues at last with vain desires,  
Or sickens by satiety ;  
But truly my delight was more  
In her to whom I am bound for aye  
Yesterday than the day before  
And more to-day than yesterday.

## III.

## The Neglected Glove.

"THE badge you begged, your wooing done,  
"Lo, thus flung by !" He answers, "Love,"  
Kissing her fingers one by one,  
"Who has the hand neglects the glove."

## HUSBAND AND WIFE.

## I.

I WHILE the shop-girl fitted on  
The sand shoes, look'd where, down the bay,  
The sea glow'd with a shrouded sun.  
"I'm ready, Felix ; will you pay ?"  
That was my first expense for this  
Sweet stranger whom I call'd my Wife :  
How light the touches are that kiss  
The music from the chords of life !

## 2.

A vigorous breeze the canvas fill'd,  
Lifting us o'er the bright-ridged gulf,  
And every lurch my darling thrill'd  
With light fear smiling at itself ;  
And, dashing past the Arrogant,  
Asleep upon the restless wave

After its cruise in the Levant,  
We reach'd the Wolf; and signal gave  
For help to board; with caution meet,  
My bride was placed within the chair,  
The red-flag wrapp'd about her feet,  
And so swung laughing through the air.

## 3.


"Look, Love," she said, "there's Frederick  
Graham,  
"My Cousin, whom you met, you know."  
And, seeing us, the brave man came,  
And made his frank and courteous bow,  
And gave my hand a sailor's shake,  
And said, "You ask'd me to the Hurst:  
"I never thought my luck would make  
"You and your wife my guests the first."  
And Honor, cruel, "Nor did we:  
"Have you not lately changed your ship?"  
"Yes: I'm commander, now," said he,  
With a slight quiver of the lip.

We saw the vessel, shown with pride ;  
Took luncheon ; I must eat his salt !  
Parting he said, (I fear my bride  
Thought him unselfish to a fault,)  
His wish, he saw, had come to pass,  
(And so, indeed, her face express'd,)  
That that should be, whatever 'twas,  
Which made his Cousin happiest.  
We left him looking from above,  
Rich bankrupt! for he could afford  
To say most proudly that his love  
Was virtue and its own reward.  
But others loved as well as he,  
(Thought I, half-anger'd,) and if fate,  
Unfair, had only fashion'd me  
As hapless, I had been as great.

## 4.

As souls, ambitious, but low-born,  
If raised past hope by luck or wit,

All pride of place will proudly scorn,  
And live as they'd been used to it,  
So we two wore our strange estate :  
Familiar, unaffected, free,  
We talk'd, until the dusk grew late,  
Of this and that; but, after tea,  
As doubtful if a lot so sweet  
As our's was our's in very sooth,  
Like children, to promote conceit,  
We feign'd that it was not the truth;  
And she assumed the maiden coy,  
And I adored remorseless charms,  
And then we clapp'd our hands for joy,  
And ran into each other's arms.



## EPILOGUE

## I.

" Ah, dearest wife, a fresh-lit fire  
    " Sends forth to heaven great shews of fume,  
" And watchers, far away, admire ;  
    " But, when the flames their power assume,  
" The more they burn the less they shew ;  
    " The clouds no longer smirch the sky ;  
" And then the flames intensest glow  
    " When far-off watchers think they die.  
" The fumes of early love my verse  
    " Has figured—" " You must paint the flame !"  
" 'Twould merit the Promethean curse !  
    " But now, Sweet, for your praise and blame."  
" I did not call you ' Dear ' or ' Love,'  
    " I think, till after Frank was born."



"That fault I cannot well remove ;  
"The rhymes"—but Frank now blew his horn,  
And Walter bark'd, on hands and knees,  
At Baby in the mignonette,  
And all made, full-cry, for the trees  
Where Felix and his wife were set.  
Again disturb'd, (crickets have cares !)  
True to their annual use they rose,  
To offer thanks at Evening Prayers  
In three times sacred Sarum Close.

## 2.

Passing, they left a gift of wine  
At Widow Neale's. Her daughter said :  
"O, Ma'am, she's sinking ! For a sign,  
"She cried just now, of him that's dead,  
" ' Mary, he's somewhere close above,  
" ' Weeping and wailing his dead wife,  
" ' With forceful prayers and fatal love  
" ' Conjuring me to come to life.

---

“ ‘ A spirit is terrible though dear !  
“ ‘ It comes by night, and sucks my breath,  
“ ‘ And draws me with desire and fear.’  
“ Ah, Ma’am, she’ll soon be his in death !”

## 3.

Vaughan, when his kind wife’s eyes were dry,  
Said, “ This thought crosses me, my Dove ;  
“ If Heaven should proffer, when I die,  
“ Some unconceived, superior love,  
“ How take the exchange without despair,  
“ Without worse folly how refuse ?”  
But she, who, wise as she was fair,  
For subtle doubts had simple clues,  
Said, “ Custom sanctifies, and faith  
“ Is more than joy ; we’ll not desire  
“ In heaven itself a different path,  
“ Though, found at first, it had been higher.  
“ Yet love makes death a dreadful thought !  
“ Felix, at what a price we live !”

But present pleasures soon forgot  
The future's dread alternative ;  
For, as became the festal time,  
He cheer'd her heart with tender praise,  
And speeches wanting only rhyme  
To make them like his gallant lays.  
He discommended girlhood, " What  
" For sweetness like the ten-years' wife,  
" Whose customary love is not  
" Her passion, or her play, but life !  
" With beauties so maturely fair,  
" Affecting, mild, and manifold,  
" May girlish charms no more compare  
" Than may the green fruit with the gold.  
" Ah, still unpraised Honoria, Heaven,  
" When you into my arms it gave,  
" Left nought hereafter to be given  
" But grace to esteem the good I have."

## 4.

Her own and manhood's modesty  
Made dumb her love, but, as they rode,

His hand in hers felt soft reply,  
And like rejoinder fond bestow'd ;  
And, when the carriage set them down,  
"How strange," said he, "'twould seem to meet,  
"When pacing, as we now this town,  
"A Florence or a Lisbon street,  
"That Laura or that Catherine, who,  
"In the remote, romantic years,  
"From Petrarch or Camoens drew  
"Their verse and their immortal tears !"  
But here their converse had its end ;  
For, crossing the Cathedral Lawn,  
There came an ancient college-friend,  
Who, introduced to Mrs. Vaughan,  
Lifted his hat, and bow'd, and smiled,  
And fill'd her handsome face with joy,  
By patting on the cheek her child,  
With, "Is he your's, this noble boy?"

## NOTE

I AM indebted, for some appropriate thoughts, chiefly embodied in lines 23—40 of "Love's Perversity," to the prose essay, by Robert Waring, called *Effigies Amoris*. I have also to express my gratitude, rather, however, for the corroboration than suggestion of some others, to the Author of *Deliciae sapientiæ de amore conjugali*.













